

L.

1034

THE  
UNIVERSITY  
OF  
WARWICK  
LIBRARY

*The Gift of*  
*Mrs G. F. Hall*



00244384

# THE LAMPLIGHTER;

OR,

THE BLIND GIRL AND LITTLE GERTY.

A DRAMA,

IN TWO ACTS AND FOUR TABLEAUX,

*Founded on the Popular American Work of the same name.*

BY

WILLIAM SEAMAN, COMEDIAN.

THOMAS HAILES LACY,  
WELLINGTON STREET, STRAND,  
LONDON.

*First Performed on Monday, June 26th, 1854.*

---

## CHARACTERS.

MR. GRAHAM . . . . .	Mr. F. WILTON.	
MICK MILLIGAN {	A Gem of the Emerald Isle —Groom, Servant, Store- Keeper, and Factotum to Mr. Graham ... .. }	Mrs. S. LANE.
PHILLIP AMORY, or MR. PHILLIPS	Mr. J. REYNOLDS.	
WILLIE, or WILLIAM SULLIVAN .	Mr. C. J. BIRD.	
STEPHEN GRANT . . . . .	Mr. C. H. STEPHENS.	
DR. JEREMY . . . . .	Mr. W. H. NEWHAM.	
FOOTMAN . . . . .	Mr. CUSHION.	
TRUEMAN FLINT . . . . .	Mr. W. R. CRAWFORD.	
BENJAMIN BRUCE, ESQ. . . . .	Mr. W. SMITH.	
DR. GRYSEWORTH . . . . .	Mr. C. WILLIAMS.	
HOWSER . . . . .	Mr. C. PITT.	
SETH and HIRAM . . . . .	Messrs. WILSON and HAWKINS.	

*Steamboat Passengers, Sailors, Diggers in California, &c.*

EMILY GRAHAM ( <i>the Blind Girl</i> ) .	Mrs. B. WARE.
MISS PATTY PACE ( <i>an Eccentric</i> ) .	Mrs. MACKNEY.
GERTRUDE, or GERTY ( <i>in the 1st Scene</i> <i>a little Child about 8 years old</i> ) .	Miss NEWHAM.
( <i>afterwards a Young Woman</i> )	Mrs. E. YARNALL.
NAN GRANT . . . . .	Miss GREEN.
KITTY RAY . . . . .	Miss PETTIFEAT.
BELLE CLINTON . . . . .	Mrs. ATKINSON.
FANNY BRUCE . . . . .	Miss C. BORROR.

---

*For particulars of the Costumes, and personal appearance of the Characters, a reference to the Work will be advisable.*

# Programme of Scenery and Incidents.

---

## ACT I.

### TABLEAU THE FIRST.

#### THE DREAM OF CHILDHOOD!

*Trueman Flint's Apartment in Boston.*

THE DESTITUTE CHILD AND THE LAMPLIGHTER!

#### THE APOTHECARY'S IN FROSTY WEATHER.

A snowy, slippery day—Mick proves himself an inheritor of the Blarney Stone—The good Doctor and the

MINISTERING ANGEL!

#### Death of the Lamplighter.

Mick meets with an old acquaintance, and quarrels and fights in the orphan's cause.

#### THE BLIND GIRL'S STORY.

### TABLEAU THE SECOND.

#### CALIFORNIA!

The Happy Valley of San Francisco.

Interior of a Digger's Tent—A Robber in the Tent—Assassination foiled.

# PRACTICAL EXPOSITION OF LYNCH LAW.

*The Robber dragged to the Fatal Tree!*

---

Some Years are supposed to elapse between the First and  
Second Acts.

---

## ACT II.

### TABLEAU THE THIRD.

## THE RETURN TO BOSTON.

How Mick Milligan impersonates Count O'Reilly, and how he makes Dr. Jeremy stare—The Blind Girl and her Protégée invited to a tour up the river.

### Deck of a River Steamer!

Voyage from New York up the Hudson—Safe arrival in port.

*The Pangs of Jealousy.—The Return Voyage.*

## THE SHIP ON FIRE!

Courageous Rescue of Gertrude by Mick Milligan—Recognition of Philip Amory and William Sullivan.

### TABLEAU THE FOURTH.

*The Cemetery.==The Grave of the Lamplighter!*

Restoration to happiness of the Blind Girl and her Protégée, and  
Tribute of Affection to the Memory of

## UNCLE TRUE THE LAMPLIGHTER!



# THE LAMPLIGHTER.

## ACT I.

TABLEAU THE FIRST.—*Gerty's Vision of her Childhood.*

SCENE I.—*A Plain but Neatly Furnished Room*—GERTRUDE, a young girl, asleep on a settle, R.H.—*A bed in a recess, L.H., a chest of drawers, an old-fashioned arm-chair*—*As the Curtain rises the Scene opens, discovering to the R.H. a Mean-looking House; to the L.H. a Heap of Timber on a kind of Wharf, with Shipping and Small Craft*—*A Lamp on post, C.*

MUSIC.—*The screams of a CHILD are heard—The door of the house opens, and a ragged, bare-foot little girl is beaten and thrust out by NAN GRANT—The CHILD screams, stamps her feet, and batters at the door.*

CHILD. Nan Grant! I hate you, ugly Nan Grant! Give me my kitten—where's my kitty? Oh! what shall I do for my kitty? (*beating the door*)

TRUEMAN FLINT, with ladder and lighted torch, enters R.H.U.E., places ladder, and is ascending, when the CHILD looks up on his lighting the lamp, and goes to him.

CHILD. Oh, I am so glad you are come!

TRUE. How do my little birdie, is it you whom I knocked down the other evening and to whom I gave a kitten?

CHILD. Oh, poor kitty—oh, ugly Nan Grant—oh my poor kitty.

TRUE. What, have you lost it? Well, never mind.

CHILD. No, it's dead—it's dead, killed in bilin water.

TRUE. Who killed it?

CHILD. Ugly Nan Grant, in bilin water!

TRUE. Poor little birdie; but there, don't ery, go in doors you will be perished with eold this bitter night.

CAILD. She won't let me come in.

TRUE. Who won't?

CHILD. Nan Grant!

TRUE. Who's Nan Grant?

CHILD. A horrid wiked woman who drowned my kitty in bilin water.

TRUE. Is she your mother?

CHILD. No!—Nan Grant.

TRUE. But where's your mother?

CHILD. I han't got none!

TRUE. Who do you belong to, my poor little thing?

CHILD. Nobody, and I have no business no where.

TRUE. But who do you live with, and who takes care of you?

CHILD. Oh, I lived with Nan Grant! I hate her—I threw a stick of wood at her head—Oh, I wish I had killed her.

TRUE. Hush, hush! you mustn't say that, I will speak to her. (*knocks at the door,*)

NAN *appears.*

—my good woman if you don't call your poor ehild in, it will freeze to death.

NAN. She's no ehild of mine my chappie—she's been here long enough, she's the worst little creature that ever lived, I've kept her too long, and now I hope I'll never lay eyes on her again, and what's more more I don't mean—she ought to be hung for breaking my head, I believe she's got the devil's spirit in her.

TRUE. But what will become of her—it's a fearful cold night—how would you feel Mam, if she were found to-morrow morning all friz up just on your door step.

NAN. How would I feel—that's your business is it, my



chappie? You make a great fuss about the brat, take her home with you, and see how you like her, let others look to her now, I've had more than my share, and as to her freezin or dyin I'll take my chance of that; them children that comes into the world nobody knows how don't go out of it in a hurry—she's the City's property, let them look to it—so there now (*clapping her hands and putting her arms a kimbo*) take it out of that my chappie, take it out of that. (*banging the door*)

TRUE. Well my birdie, she says you shan't come in.

CHILD. Oh, I am so glad.

TRUE. But where will you go?

CHILD. I don't know, praps I'll go with you, and see you light the lamps.

TRUE. But where will you sleep to night.

CHILD. I don't know where—I haven't got any house,—I'll sleep out where I can see the stars. Oh! when you gave me the kitty, I found an old hat; I took the hood off my head, put it in it, and then the kitty; and among the timber there, when it was asleep, used to watch the stars, and wondered who it was lit up them. Oh! I do so like to look at them. I don't like dark places. But it will be very cold, won't it?

TRUE. Cold? My goodness, you will freeze to death!

CHILD. Well, what will become of me then?

TRUE. Heaven only knows. Poor birdie! she must not be left to perish. Come, poor child, come with me.

CHILD. To see you light the lamps?

TRUE. Yes, yes.

CHILD. I wonder who lights them there. (*pointing upwards*)

TRUE. What a singular child!

CHILD. Oh! dear, good old man, let me stay with you.

TRUE. You shall, poor birdie, you shall; and perhaps the Hand above, who lights the stars, will throw a blessing on the poor old Lamplighter, for his protection of a poor, neglected child!

CHILD. And old Nan Grant sha'n't catch me any more?

TRUE. Catch you?—no, she sha'n't Birdie, she sha'n't. We are alone in this big world, so we'll bide together—yes, please heaven, we'll bide together!

MUSIC.—*He leads her off, L.H.—At this moment, the*

*portion of the Scene representing the wharf, &c., becomes transparent, and the form of a Child watching the stars and an Angel guarding, as on cover of the volume, becomes visible, as the scene closes.*

SCENE II.—*Exterior of Mr. Bray's Apothecary's Shop. The facade lamp and window panes are covered with snow, and the Characters in the scene, convey by action, the idea of its being extremely slippery—Painted cloth down.*

MUSIC.—*Enter MICK MILLIGAN, sliding about, R.H.*

MICK. Arrah! bad seran to the ice, to be making a fellow slipping and sliding, and shaking and bobbing about in this fashion! (*slips and falls*) My back's bruck! Oh! its mighty nice in the height of summer, to be having ice to freeze our strawberries wid, but very inconvanient in the winter to be brakeing one's legs.

WILLIE *appears at the shop door.*

WIL. Ah, Mick Milligan, is that you?

MICK. Well, raelly I don't know till I get up and find how many pieces I'm shuck into.

WIL. There, let me assist you.

MICK. Arrah! don't darlin', widout you tie a truss of straw round your futs.

WIL. (*raises him*)

MICK. Aisy boy, aisy!—don't be endangering your life, for the sake of the purty little Gerty.

WIL. Cousin Gerty, Mick—cousin.

MICK. Oh! your cousin is she, Willie?

WIL. To be sure. From a boy I have been in the habit of calling Trueman Flint, Uncle True; and when he found Gerty one bitter cold night——

MICK. Cowld?—was it cowlder than this? Then bedad, it must have taken your nose off!

WIL. Well, I say, when Uncle True found little Gerty, whom the woman Grant had turned into the streets, he allowed her to call him Uncle True; and as I called him Uncle True too, wly of course we must be cousins.

MICK. To be sure. (*slipping*) These divils of nails in my shoes will be afther cozening *me*.

*Enter* DR. JEREMY, L.H., *slipping*.

DR. J. Dear me! bless me! dangerous to walk! Well, really, I shall never reach my patients—it's positively dangerous.

MICK. Arrah, doctor! is it yourself I see? Long life and stiddiness to your toes, say I!—you'll be tumbling if you don't take it aisy.

DR. J. It's all very fine, Mick, to talk about taking it aisy, as you call it—I should like to know how it's to be done. They positively should sand the streets.

MICK. Indeed, so they should, wid all the sand of the say—and that reminds me what I have to say to you. Sure I'm afther seeking the doctor, but I couldn't get farther than the apothecary's.

DR. J. Want me? what's amiss—any legs broke?—shouldn't wonder, a day like this. Compound fracture, no doubt—must amputate!

MICK. Oh, don't!—you give me a pain in my muscles at the word! I'm after coming from Miss Emily, poor thing! Mr. Graham, her father says he never saw her enjoy such a bad flow of spirits, and wishes you to come and feel her pulse.

DR. J. Oh, Emily ill! What's to-day? I remember! yes—it is the anniversary of the event which——

MICK. I know, doctor, to what you allude;—but do you think he did it intentionally?

DR. J. Decidedly not.

MICK. I'd swear through the thick of a nine-inch iron pot, he didn't; and the master behaved like an ould scamp—so he did—in that affair, and ought—— But, there, there—I won't say anything wrong of the bridge that carries me over.

DR. J. Has little Gerty been to your young mistress to-day!

MICK. Not yet, doctor, I think. Oh, what a mighty great fancy she's tuck to the little girl!

DR. J. I am very glad she has done so—it turns her thoughts from the events of by-gone days. But I mustn't stand here—that is if I can stand at all.

MICK. Whisht! don't be moving, or you'll fall. Willie, like a broth of a boy as you are, get all the door-mats you have in the house to tie round the doctor's legs.

WIL. I'm sorry I cannot—Mr. Bray is very ill, and they are all laid in the passages to prevent the noise of feet.

DR. J. Mr. Bray ill! I'm sorry to hear that—very sorry; although he does sell his drugs under price. Pah! content with tenpence-halfpenny profit out of a shilling!—pshaw! I am not satisfied unless I clear seventeenpence out of one.

MICK. (*looking off* L.H.) Oh, the wealth of the world be upon— Look there! who's that?

DR. J.        }  
    *and*         }  
WILLIE.       }  
                  } Where—where? (*looking off, and with difficulty keeping their feet.*)

MICK. Somebody mad!

DR. J. Mad! then I must bleed. No, too cold for that; and, now I look again, no need—not so mad as she looks.

WIL. Who is it?

DR. J. Oh, you'll find out in time. But I must be off: as I know the origin of Miss Emily's complaint, I am the better able to prescribe a remedy. Bless me! I shall have to walk like a goose—flat-footed! Dear me! quite distressing!

*Slides off* R.H., as PATTY PACE, *dressed as described in the work, staggers on* L.H.

PAT. Really the most indelicate, unconforming day for a blushing young maiden like me to be out. (*screams*) Oh! (*half slips*) I fear I shall lose my equilibrium. Oh! Are there no champions, as of old, to escort one of the fair sex? Oh! I shall never reach my destination without disarranging the equanimity of my wardrobe. Oh! (*slips and falls*)

WIL. (*raising her*) Are you hurt, Ma'am?

MICK. Is it kilt you are, darling?

PAT. (*looking at* WILLIE) Gallant supporter, and aider in a fair damsel's cause, accept my thanks! I'm shook a little—my *tender* limbs were never in such a position before.

MICK. *Tender!* Oh, lord! how ould she is—and the ugliness that's on her!

WIL. I'll fetch you something that will do you good.

PAT. Sweet, rosy-cheeked, Apollo-Belviderish-looking youth, accept a maiden's thanks!

WILLIE *enters shop.*



—He will look like Ganymede presenting the bowl of nectar to Juno—Ambrosial idea!

MICK. Shall I rub your back, Ma'am?

PAT. Gallant Hibernian, accept my thanks!

WILLIE *returns with bottle.*

WIL. Drink, Ma'am—this will do you good.

PAT. (*with affected horror*) Good heaven! I hope it has never entered your Jupiter-Ammonish head that I drink.

MICK. Oh, take a taste!

PAT. Because, although not having set my seal to a Temperance pledge, yet am I am abstemious, because it becomes a lady.

WIL. This will exhilarate, but not intoxicate.

PAT. Then, you sweet conforming knight of the rosy countenance, I don't care if I take a thimbleful. (*drinks*)

MICK. How she sucks it in!

PAT. Exquisite! the aroma is perfect!

MICK. Take another glass.

PAT. (*drinks again*) Insinuating son of St. Patrick!

MICK. You may say that, that darlin'—they tell me I'm a living portion of Blarney Castle.

PAT. Blarney Castle! Your hereditary possessions, no doubt?

MICK. Oh, yes, Ma'am—it was in our family before Ould Ireland was populated—divil a one of the family ivir since but have kissed the stone with faith and devotion.

PAT. And if it wouldn't trespass too much on your gallantry just to see me round the corner, and enable me to preserve the equilibrium of my feet——

WIL. With pleasure.

MICK. Ah, mind what you are about, Willie—it's somewhat dangerous to go round corners wid ould ladies.

PAT. Old! you maligner of infancy! He, he, he! I'm only sixteen!

MICK. Oh lord! But come, Ma'am, we'll go together like Rooney's pigs—they couldn't help it, bekase they'd tied their tails together—but, aisy now! or if we go slipping and sliding like this, people will think we have been bending our elbows as well as our legs.

PAT. Oracular Hibernian, I take your arm!

MUSIC—*They exeunt R., occasionally slipping—clear cloth.*

SCENE III.—*An Apartment in Mr. Graham's House.*

MUSIC—DR. JEREMY *leads on* EMILY GRAHAM,  
*the Blind Girl, from L.H.*

DR. J. There, there, dear Emily, we are safe in your own sanctum sanctorum, and can now speak freely of one now no more—one who, on this very day, years since, deprived you of heaven's light.

EMILY. And yet will I cherish his memory, for I know he loved me;—would to heaven he were alive to hear me say so. I should indeed be lonely, doctor, but for the attachment of little Gerty.

DR. J. I hope she will repay the anxiety you feel for her welfare.

EMILY. She will, I am assured of that. From the moment I first encountered her in the church whither I had accompanied our good rector, Mr. Arnold, her artless pity and sorrow, when she found I was blind, at once attached me to her—and when I heard how she had been driven forth to perish, and Trueman Flint had protected her——

DR. J. Ah, good old man! once in your father's employ, which, (owing to a bale of goods falling on his chest,) he was obliged to abandon. They all said he'd no breath in his body, but I said he had—and he had—and I said I'd keep it there—and I did. Poor fellow! he couldn't return to his previous laborious work, so your father procured him the not over-difficult situation of lamplighter to this quarter of the city.

EMILY. True; but knowing his income would be insufficient to rear little Geaty as she deserved, I gained his consent to share the responsibility—a more difficult task than I had at first imagined, for I found that up to eight years of age, she had been bred in utter ignorance—that she knew not even the meaning of a prayer—that she possessed violent passions. These have been gradually repressed, and she bids fair to be all that we could wish her to be. I certainly miss her society much.

DR. J. Comes she not so often then?

EMILY. Not since Uncle True has been attacked with paralysis.

DR. J. Ah, dear me what a treacherous memory I have, I had forgot——



EMILY. True is no longer the brave strong sturdy protector of a feeble lonely child—his strength is gone, his power wasted—the blow came sudden—struck down the robust man and left him feeble as a child—and the little stranger the orphan girl who in her loneliness, and her poverty found in him a father and a mother, she now is all the world to him, his staff, his stay, his comfort—during the few years he has cherished her—she has been gaining strength for the time when *she* should be the sustaining power.

DR. J. Well, as her attentions on the old man preclude her coming here, you shall go to her, true it's cold, but I see a ray of sun making the ice weep—and I think a drive will do you good.

*Enter* MICHAEL L.

—so Michael you have returned safe.

MICK. All right Doctor, sound mind and limb. Barring two or three roars I had over Miss Patty Pace.

DR. J. You didn't hurt her I hope?

MICK. Oh, divil the hurt Sir, she's too frisky for that Sir—down she went Sir, and up she was again Sir, as light as a cork.

DR. J. Do you think you could drive Miss Emily without any danger as far as old Trueman Flint's.

MICK. I can do that illigantly Sir, for I've put the horses shoes, hind part before, so that it will go backwards and forwards, at one and the same time.

DR. J. We'll get it ready directly.

MICK. I will Sir, quickly—quicker than Pat Kelly's cow could twist her tail—for the divil a tail had she to twist.

*Exit, L.*

DR. J. Eccentric, but faithful fellow.

EMILY. To the very letter, doctor—he *once* was a great favorite of my father's.

DR. J. Once—and why not now?

EMILY. He was too deeply attached to one, that—

DR. J. I know, to Phillip; true, I had forgot.

EMILY. You will accompany me, will you not?

DR. J. Well, no I can't exactly, I have to visit my patient Miss Peepout, she's fat—wants to get thin—I recommend acids, she prefers sweets—and instead of getting

thinner, she gets thicker, but come I'll see you to the chaise—ah Miss Emily, how many ladies that *have* eyes to see, would give the world for the serenely happy expression of your face.

EMILY. It is, I trust doctor the reflection of a heart ever dwelling on offices of good, and of the best means of relieving the wants of my fellow creatures.

MUSIC.—*the DOCTOR leads her off*, R.H.

SCENE IV.—*Same as Scene I.*

GERTY and WILLIE enter from door in flat R.

GEE. Mr. Bray dead!—oh, I'm so sorry, he was such a good man.

WIL. Yes, only while I had gone with that eccentric female a little way towards her home; on my return, the shop was shut and owing to its being a malignant fever, no one is allowed to enter the house.

GER. You did not enter Willie, did you?

WIL. No, no Gerty, no—but knowing of course my mother and my grandfather's dependance on my exertions, I have been to almost every apothecary's shop in the City—no one has any employment for me, and if I don't get a place what shall I do?

GER. Time enough to think of that Willie, and you know we all like to have you at home.

WIL. I was always glad to be at home when Mr. Bray was alive, and I was earning money, and could feel as if every body was glad to see me then.

GER. Every body I am sure will be glad to see you now—it isn't your fault that Mr. Bray is dead, you will get a place Willie yet, and we shall all be as happy as ever.

WIL. Ah Gerty, you're a nice girl, and always bid me hope.

GER. And who made me what I am? Miss Emily and you!—don't you remember how passionate I was, and what dreadful things I said.

WIL. I do—for a very little girl you certainly said very strange things.

GER. And don't you recollect one Sunday evening we had gone to see Uncle True light the lamps—that on seeing Nan Grant at the window (you were on before me a little), I seized a stone and dashed it through the glass, and how overjoyed I felt when her scream told me the blow was sure.

WIL. Those days are gone Gerty, never to return.

GER. Thanks to you Willie, thanks to you, but hark! I thought I heard Uncle True calling from his bed. Help me to place him in his chair.

MUSIC—*They raise the curtains of the recess, and bring TRUE forward to the chair.*

—you have not called before, have you Uncle True?

TRUE. No Birdie, no!

GER. Because I have been asleep as well as you, and I dreamt I saw myself turned from the house of old Nan Grant, and how you questioned me—and the answers, all as vivid as of yesterday—and then I saw you take me home with you—and then the timber and the shipping melted away—and there I saw myself seated on the ground crying on the stars, and an angel kneeling over me, oh! so beautiful, with such lovely wings.

TRUE. A beautiful dream indeed, let us hope a harbinger of heaven's protection when I am gone.

WIL. How do you feel Uncle True?

TRUE. Not long for this world, Willie!

WIL. You must have hope.

GER. Yes, dear Uncle True have hope—I tell Willie that, for he despairs of getting a place at all, now he has lost his former one.

TRUE. That reminds me—a man entered in your absence Gerty.

GER. I had only gone to speak to Willie's mother.

TRUE. I did want you Birdie—asking me whether I knew one William Sullivan, he left a bit of paper for you, here it is (*gives it*)

WIL. (*reading R.H.*) Mr. Clinton would like to see William Sullivan on Thursday, between 10 and 11 o'clock, at No. 13 on the wharf, alone. What does it mean, I don't know any such person.

TRUE. I know who he is—it's he as lives at the large stone house in Washington-street, he's a rich man, and that's the number of his store.

WIL. What can he want with me?

TRUE. Perhaps it's a place.

GER. Oh, it is—it must be—did I not tell you so—now *your* good angel has got you one, Willie.

WIL. I will this instant ascertain, and return with the result.

*Exit R.*

TRUE. Gerty—my dear little birdie, something tells me I shall not be long with you——

GER. Oh, say not that, or my heart will break.

TRUE. I feel my time has come, I——

*MICK appears at the door.*

MICK. You've no thieves about here?

GER. No, Michael! Why do you ask?

MICK. Why you see the doors are all open, and though its could enough to take off the end of your nose—it looks as if you said, come in Jack frost and welcome. Can you receive Miss Emily?

GER. Oh, Michael to be sure! Where is she?

MICK. Sitting boult up in the shay, as could as a cucumber.

GER. Oh, why leave her there.

*runs off.*

MICK. Because she wouldn't come in without asking, she's like myself, boiling over wid manners. Well Uncle True and how are you Uncle True, sure you'r uncle to such a quantity of people, that by the way of a novelty I think you'd better *father* me.

*GERTY leads in EMILY.*

EMILY. Thanks, Certrude—place a chair for me next to Uncle True, and Michael——

MICK. That's myself Miss.

EMILY. I want a few minutes conversation with Mr. Flint.

MICK. Oh, don't hurry Miss, I can stop outside the door in the shay till the cowl'd ampitates my legs.

EMILY. I don't require you to stop in the cold—drive round and come again.



MICK. I see—I'll go to the store fornint, and me and the horse will take a taste: it will do us a dale of good and keep the cowl'd off our stomachs.

*Exit door.*

GER. (*places EMILY in a chair, L.C.*) Here's Miss Emily come to visit you, Uncle True.

TRUE. Ah, Miss Emily! I am not the same man I was when last you visited me. Heaven has given me a warning, and I sha'n't be here long.

EMILY. I'm so sorry! I should have come before, but expected Gertrude to call on me.

TRUE. She is so good, she will not leave me for a moment. Oh! what should I have done but for her?

GER. (L.C.) Oh, Uncle True, I wish I could do more for you, I wish I could make you strong again.

TRUE. I dare say you do darling, but that can't be in this world—Miss Emily, I loved my little birdie and should have spoiled her, you knew better what was for her good—when I got so as I could speak after the dreadful shock, and tell what was in my mind—I said “what shall we do now, what shall we do,” and then she whispered in my ear “heaven will take care of us Uncle True,” and when I said, “when I die who will take care of my little Gerty?” she laid her head to mine and said “Uncle True, when I was turned into the dark streets all alone, and had no friends, no home, heaven sent *you* to me, and now if he wants you to come to him, and is not ready to take me too—he will send somebody else to take care of me the rest of the time I stay.”

EMILY. Mr. Flint, would you be willing to trust Gertrude with me, if you should be taken from her, would you feel that she was safe in my charge?

TRUE. Miss Emily would I think her safe in an angel's keeping.

EMILY. Oh, do not say that, or I shall be afraid to undertake so solem a trust.

TRUE. But your father, Miss Emily, Mr. Graham is very particular, and not over young now, I am afraid he wouldn't like my little birdie in his house.

EMILY. My father is indulgent to *me* and I have become so much attached to Gertrude, that she would be a use and a comfort to me, and though I trust you may be spared her many a year, I take this opportunity to tell you that if I

should outlive you, she will be sure to find a home with me.

TRUE. Heaven will reward you, and a time will come when this girl will pay back all your kindness to her.

EMILY. Farewell for the present then, and I hope when I meet you again, you will be in better spirits—your hand Gertrude—good bye Mr. Flint.

MUSIC—GERTRUDE *leads her off*.

TRUE. My poor birdie, I don't like hearing of losing her, I am sad to think how one day she will sob her eyes out, for the loss of her dear old Uncle True,—but she will be protected by the good Miss Emily, whom should I never see again—will bear about her the blessings of a dying man.

GERTY, *returns*.

—you love Miss Emily don't you birdie?

GER. Oh, yes, indeed!

TRUE. You'll be a good girl to her—when I am gone?

GER. (*kneeling at his feet*) Oh, Uncle True, you must not leave me—I can't live without you, dear Uncle True!

TRUE. It's heaven's mercy to take me, Gerty,—it has always been good to us, and we must not doubt it now. I am an old man, and only a trouble. (*faintly*)

GER. No, no, you never were a trouble, Uncle True—you never could be a trouble. I wish I'd never been so much trouble to you.

TRUE. So far from that, birdie, heaven knows you have long been my heart's delight. I feel growing weaker, and all I have to say is this—do just what Miss Emily tells you, and when you grow older, you can be able to do something for her. Remember, she is blind, and you must be eyes for her; she is not over strong—you must lend a helping hand to her weakness, just as you have done to mine; and when you are sad and troubled—and who at times is not?—you will think of old Uncle True, and how he used to say, "Cheer up, birdie!"—for I'm of opinion 'twill all come right at last.

PAUSE.—GERTRUDE, *who is sobbing on his knees, looks up*.



GER. Oh! Uncle True, speak—speak! Don't look at me so, but speak to me! Oh! he's dying!

WILLIE enters R.

WIL. What is the matter?

GER. Uncle True, Willie—dying—dying!

WILLIE comes down R.H.—TRUE tries to take his hand, feebly points to GERTRUDE, and sinks back—Pause—GERTRUDE rises—looks anxiously in his face—then gasps out, “He's dead—he's dead!”—falls sobbing at his feet, and scene closes.

SCENE V.—*A Street in Boston, with Spirit Store.*

STEPHEN GRANT, *half seaman, half smuggler*, enters L.H.

GRANT. My old mother grows every day more and more capitious; and I shouldn't wonder, if I don't look out, if she don't blab about the robbery of that woman who died in her house, leaving that brat that Uncle True keeps. I didn't tell her of all the jewels I took; and my mind is made up to make money of what is left—start off to San Francisco—go to the diggings—amass wealth—and live like a fighting-cock.

*Enter MICK, rather tipsy, from Store.*

MICK. Well, thim mint julaps are the 'rable dandy intirely, and thim sherry cobblers patch up the sowl as well as the body. Oh, it's comfortable I am after the cowl I had in my stomach! (*staggers up against GRANT*) Bad seran to you! what do you tread on my corns for?

GRANT. Me tread on your corns?—it's you staggering up against me.

MICK. Oh, the wealth of the world be upon me! is it you, Mr. Grant?

GRANT. Yes, it is—and what of that?

MICK. Oh, nothing—only there's one thing, I'd lay an ould shoe to a beefsteak, you don't know the meaning of.

GRANT. And what's that, stupid?

MICK. Honesty! Oh! how he stares! I tould you you'd never heard of it, let alone know.

GRANT. I tell you what I shall do with you, Mr. Patlander—if you don't mind what you are about, I shall shew you an American move or two, that will astonish your nerves.

MICK. Haroo! who'll tread on the tail of my coat; Come on, Misther Grant! How's your ould mother wid her red hair?—the ould child-stealer—the ould plunderer? Bad luck to her! By the powers! I'll tache you a twist or two we practice in Knock-me-down-softly! Oh, ha! take it out of me if you can! Haroo! Hubbaboo filliloo whack!

*Enter WILLIE L.H.*

WIL. Michael, what's the matter?

MICK. Nothing—ounly I'm just going to tell Misther Grant here the time of the morning, that's all.

WIL. Grant?—any relation to the woman who thrust poor Gerty out?

MICK. The ould divil's son, that's all—you could aisily tell that if you saw their two noses together.

GRANT. Well, and what of it if I am her son? What have you got to say about her?

MICK. Divil the good, you beauty! What became of the poor woman, the lodger you had?

GRANT. How should I know?—I didn't rob the woman.

MICK. Oh! there was a robbery then, although you didn't do it?

*SETH and HIRAM, with IDLERS, come from the Store.*

WIL. Why don't you reveal the name of the woman who died in your mother's house, so that the child might get some clue to her parentage?

GRANT. *(to SETH)* Am I to be bullied thus?

SETH. Oh no! *(crossing to MICK)* I say, my fine fellow, we shall slope you,—oh yes!

MICK. *(trips him up)* Will you so?

HIRAM. You sha'n't knock him down,—oh no!

MICK. I won't, won't I? *(trips him up)*

MUSIC—GRANT *with his bludgeon rushes on MICK*  
—WILLIE *intercepts him, struggles with him to-*

*wards L.H.—MICK tackles SETH and HIRAM  
R.H.—GRANT hurls WILLIE to the ground, and  
is about striking him with the bludgeon, when  
MICK, having thrown SETH and HIRAM, darts  
between GRANT and WILLIE, presenting pistols.*

MICK. Oh ah, Mr. Grant—what do you think of my pretty little Mouhagans?—they are rale revolvers—a pair of Colt's; and if you are not off, bedad, you shall see them kick!

*They make a movement of advancing on him, when  
darting towards them with the presented pistols,  
they run off R.H.*

WIL. Where did you get them from, Michael?

MICK. They are the masther's—I hove just fetched them from the gunner's.

WIL. Then are they not loaded?

MICK. Oh yes, up to the muzzle—wid emptiness! Ha, ha, ha! But dear me, Willie, what's the matter wid you at all?—you're as white as a turnip. Miss Pace couldn't admire your roses now, any way.

WIL. Poor Uncle True is dead.

MICK. Oh dear, oh dear! do you tell me so? Oh dear, oh dear! Poor Uncle True, that used wid his link to prevent the people of Boston from knocking their noses together, has lost his ould wick at last. Oh dear, oh dear!

WIL. Just at the very moment when I had run back to tell Gerty I had procured an excellent situation with Mr. Clinton, the rich merchant.

MICK. Do you tell me? Well, whether to laugh or to cry, I'm puzzled betwixt the news, good or bad. And what will become of poor little Gerty?

WIL. She has gone to live with Miss Emily. I am going to tell Mr. Clinton all about it, and ask his leave to let me see to the funeral.

MICK. And I'll take home the master's pistols.

WIL. Farewell for the present, Michael. You will be in the same house with Gerty,—you know how much I am attached to her,—watch over her for my sake, and heaven bless you!

*Exit R.H.*

MICK. Oh! thin indade I will. Oh, what a thing the rale love is! Sure I know all about it myself. There's Biddy Brady I left in my native place of Knock-me-down-aisy, that I promised to put a shoe on her fut, and buy her a cow, a cabin, and a pig—she gave my heart the rale Dunleary twist; and I'm afther thinking I'll send for her to comfort my latter end. Oh dear! och hone! my heart is bruck in two, and I can't find t'other half. It's tired of my life I am; and by the powers of whiskey, it's half inclined I am to imigrate into Californy, and dig up some nuggets as I used to turn out the praters from our iligant garden in the bogs of Knock-me-down-aisy!

SCENE VI.—*Drawing-room in Mr. Graham's House.*

*Window C., at which GERTRUDE, dressed in black, is standing, looking at the stars—EMILY seated R.*

EMILY. Are you still standing at the window, Gertrude? What are you doing, dear?

GER. I am watching to see the lamps lit, Miss Emily.

EMILY. But they will not be lit to-night at all,—the moon will soon be up, and light the streets sufficiently for the rest of the night.

GER. I don't mean the street lamps.

EMILY. What do you mean, my child? (*going towards her*)

GER. I mean the stars, Miss Emily. Oh, how I wish you could see them too!

EMILY. Are they very bright?

GER. Oh, they are beautiful! And there are so many—the sky is so full of them!

EMILY. How well I remember when I used to stand at that window and look at them as you are doing now! It seems to me as if I saw them at this moment—I know so well how they look.

GER. I *love* the stars, *all* of them; but my *own* star I love the best.

EMILY. Which do you call yours?

GER. That splendid one over the church steeple—it shines into my room every night, and looks me in the face. Miss



Emily, it seems to me as if that star was lit on purpose for me. I think Uncle True lights it every night. I always feel as if he were smiling up there, and saying, "See, Gerty, I'm lighting the lamp for you!"

*Tap at the door, R.*

EMILY. Come in!

*Enter FOOTMAN L.*

FOOTMAN. A young man wishes to speak to Gertrude—Sullivan, I think, is the name.

*Exit L.H.*

GER. Oh, 'tis Willie, Miss Emily! he is here to tell me of his success with Mr. Clinton.

EMILY. Go down to him by all means and return when he has gone.

GERTRUDE *leads EMILY to her chair, and exits L.H., as MR. GRAHAM enters.*

MR. GRA. (R.H.) Emily, my dear, have you sent Michael anywhere?

EMILY. No, dear father.

MR. GRA. I'll ring for him. (*rings bell*)

*Enter FOOTMAN.*

—Send Michael to me.

*Exit FOOTMAN L.*

—(*aside*) 'Twas very strange! that form I encountered in the passage—so like to him I deemed long since in his grave, and while I paused to gaze upon the receding form, I heard the name of that man pronounced by Michael.

*Enter FOOTMAN, L.*

—Well, Sir, where is Michael?

FOOTMAN. Mrs. Ellis, the housekeeper, says that Michael, very pale and much agitated, rushed into the hall, seized his hat, and darted into the street.

MR. GRA. Good heavens! let search be made for him!

*Exit FOOTMAN.*

EMILY. Has anything happened, dear father?

MR. GRA. Oh, no, Emily—a little business hurries me, that is all. (*aside*) And yet I'll seek Michael—a nameless dread, a terror, takes possession of me, which must be confirmed or wiped away.

*Exit, R.H.*

*Enter GERTRUDE weeping, L.H.*

EMILY. Is that you, Gertrude?

GER. Yes! Oh, Miss Emily! I am so miserable—so very wretched!

EMILY. Good heaven! what has happened?

GER. Willie is going away, far from this country, to India. Mr. Clinton is interested in a mercantile house in Calcutta, and has offered William Sullivan advantageous terms to go there as head clerk—the prospect is far better than remaining here, as it will enable him the better to provide for the wants of his mother and his grandfather, who are every day becoming more dependent on him.

EMILY. It is for them, then, he does this? He is right—heaven will prosper him in the undertaking!

GER. But only think! for five or ten years perhaps! Oh, how can I bear Willie to go away?—he has been more than a brother to me! I believe I could not have borne Uncle True's death if it had not been for Willie, and now how can I bear for him to go away?

EMILY. It is hard, Gertrude, but it is for his advantage—think of that.

GER. Yes, yes—I know! Oh, Miss Emily! I wish I could as coolly argue on the necessity of his going as you can—but we were always together, and there was only two of us! Oh! you don't know how much we loved each other!

EMILY. I not know? (*starting to her feet*) Not! Oh, heaven! (*clinging to the chair*) I know better than you imagine how dear he must be to you! I, too, had one—(*drops in the chair*) Bring your stool, Gertrude—sit by me, and I will tell you that I *do* know how dear he must be to you.

GER. (*gets the stool as directed*)

EMILY. Listen. A mother's care I never knew, she dying ere recollection served me. My father married again, a widow with one son, who at once became the sole com-



panion in all my youthful pleasures. He became, from some cause or the other, an object of detestation to my father—every trivial fault was magnified into a crime; and, from acting as a mediator, I was imbued with a deeper feeling;—’twas love, Gertrude—a pure, a holy love, springing from the heart’s depths, that Time can never change! Our mother died—a serious illness attacked me, and for weeks I lay upon a couch of sickness. Phillip had been denied to speak of me or to approach my chamber, till one evening, taking advantage of the temporary absence of Mrs. Ellis, he entered the room. Kneeling at my side he told me of his joy at seeing me once again, when my father suddenly entered the room, and after heaping every evil epithet upon him I loved, he accused him of having committed forgery to an enormous amount. Phillip replied not to the base accusation, but darted towards my father with upraised hand: whether to strike or call on heaven to witness his innocence I know not—I rushed to separate them, but sank fainting on the sofa!

GER. My poor dear Emily, say no more.

EMILY. Listen, Gertrude. He, the poor wronged boy, sprang to help me. Maddened by injustice, he knew not what he did. Heaven is my witness, I never blamed him; and if, in my agony, I uttered words that seemed like a reproach, it was because I was frantic, and knew not what I said.

GER. What! he did not——

EMILY. No, he *did not* put *out* my eyes—it was accident. He hurried for the Eau de Cologne,—there were several bottles on the table,—in his haste he seized one containing a powerful acid, which Mrs. Ellis had found occasion to use in the sick-room,—it had a heavy glass stopper,—and in his alarm and anxiety he spilt it all——

GER. On your eyes?

EMILY. Yes, and I became blind.

GER. Oh, poor Emily!—wretched young man!

EMILY. Wretched indeed!—bestow all your pity on him, for his was indeed the harder fate of the two.

GER. Oh, Emily, how intense must have been the pain you endured!

EMILY. Do you mean the pain from my eyes, or the mental agony I endured? In madness and despair, Phillip quitted Boston.

GER. And did you never hear from him again?

EMILY. From the good Dr. Jeremy, after long suspense, I heard his whereabouts—in South America. I wrote to him to come back, and believe my heart's assurance that I forgave him—that I loved him still,—so great my hope—that the doctor gave some hopes of restoring my sight—a fallacy—for Phillip—he died in a foreign land—unnursed, uncared-for, and unattended; and I then wept all the doctor's hopes away.

*Enter MR. GRAHAM R.*

MR. GRA. 'Tis very strange—no tidings of Michael.—Emily, pale and agitated? My love, how is this?

EMILY. 'Tis nothing, dear father. I am not quite well, but I shall soon be better. Gertrude will see me to my room. Come, Gertrude, come.

*MUSIC—They exeunt R.*

MR. GRA. My poor, poor child, whose uncomplaining sufferings cut me more to the heart than if she piled invective on invective upon me! Oh! could the past be but recalled—were he but alive, I wronged so undeservedly! Oh! could I but give life to the dead—eyes to the blind! But impossible! oh, impossible! The harsh, unforgiving father must still live on, with the burning fire of remorse within his breast for ever!

*Exit R.*

SCENE VII.—*Exterior of the quaint, old-fashioned House of Uncle True.*

*Enter DR. JEREMY and WILLIE L.*

DR. J. Ha, ha, ha! Good boy!—love your mother?—got a good place? Everybody *has* a mother—I believe there is no doubt of that; but everybody does not love their mother, for all that.

WIL. But who could have recommended me?—there's the mystery.

DR. J. Eh, indeed, there is! Well, I suppose there is a sweet little cherub sits up aloft, to keep watch for apothecaries' shop-boys as well as for sailors.

WIL. I'd give anything to know to whom I am indebted, so that I might thank them.

DR. J. That would be but proper. Eh? (*looking off* L.) Here comes one who may perhaps assist us.

*Enter* PATTY PACE L.

—Patty Pace—sweet Miss Patty—sweet as an oyster—permit me to salute you!

PAT. (*smirking*) Go away, you insinuating vendor of salts and senna!—your marvellous urbanity sweetens even your drugs, tempting one to make a salad of your asifœtida.

DR. J. Oh Patty, don't—there's a dear.

PAT. (*seeing WILLIE*) Ah! my rosy-cheeked defier of the arctic regions—how nice you look!

WIL. Oh, Miss Pace!

PAT. Ah! bless its innocence!—how well that blush becomes you! How delicious to watch the suffusions of the young! I know it by *myself*, Doctor, when the blush of the peach mantles my downy cheek.

DR. J. No doubt—hem! (*aside*) When it does! (*aloud*) Well, our young friend is in a bit of a dilemma:

PAT. A dilemma? Dear me! what's the matter? (*tapping his chin with her fan*) Pretty boy! is it in love, pretty dear?

DR. J. Well, I think that's very likely; but at present, curiosity is the paramount feeling in his mind—he is dying to know to whom he is indebted for the introduction to Mr. Clinton, tending so profitably to his future prospects.

PAT. And that's what it wants to learn, is it? Bless its naturally anxious heart! it can't be satisfied—the gay bird of plumage who watches o'er its destiny has all her feathers firm—she cannot moult a stem.

DR. J. She? Oh ah! a woman is in the case—I thought so.

*Enter* GERTY R.

GER. Willie!

WIL. Dear Gerty! I was about to see you once again before I sail.

GER. When is that, dear Willie?

WIL. With the morrow's sun?

GER. So soon? (*they retire up*)

PAT. Who's that young creature, in black too?—too young to be a widow. Who is she?

DR. J. Well, the companion of Willie's childhood—very much attached—something more than friendship there, Miss Patty!

PAT. I see—delicate attentions, Doctor, such as you paid to me, you wretch, before you married that fat wife of yours!

DR. J. Come, come—let my wife's fat alone.

PAT. Ah! you have been a deluder, Doctor—you know you have. I say, are they going to be married?

DR. J. Oh! time enough for that.

PAT. Not a bit of it! I am an advocate for early marriages. I shouldn't hesitate a bit, if any one proposed to me. The sooner you *begin* your troubles, the sooner they are *ended*, say I.

DR. J. Well, I think we'll go, Miss Patty—the young folks may want a crack together.

PAT. No doubt,—*we* used to do, Doctor. I don't mind taking your arm, Doctor—you have such a nice leg for a silk stocking!

DR. J. Ha, ha, ha! Good bye, Willie—and don't marry a black girl when you get to Calcutta.

PAT. Oh! horrible malformation of colour—roses and soot! (*to WILLIE*) Good bye, young Sir. In the circle of your friends, you will not one more staunch than Miss Patty Pace, old as some folks deem her.

DR. J. Oh, Miss Patty!

PAT. Go along do, you concoctor of camomile and ipecacubana!

*Exeunt, smirking, L.*

WIL. And so Gertrude you will take care of my mother and my grandfather in my absence.

GER. I will do everything I can for them Willie, as long as I live.

WIL. You must write to me dearest every month—and Gerty you must not forget me darling—you must love me just as much when I am gone, wont you.

GER. Forget you, Willie?—I shall be always thinking of you and loving you as ever—but you will be in a strange land, where everything will be different, and you will not think so much of me as now.



WIL. Every day of my life I shall think of you and my dear mother, and my heart will ever, be more here than there—so come dear Gerty, we'll to mother—make easy her poor mind by your promised attention, we'll then come once again to the threshold of the door, as we used when children, you shall find out your favourite star, and call down a blessing on me from dear departed Uncle True.

MUSIC.—*He leads her off weeping into house.*

### TABLEAU THE SECOND—*California.*

SCENE VIII.—*Interior of Tent, The Happy Valley, San Francisco in its primitive day—The Canvass is open to the L.H., shewing Diggers &c., at work—in the distance, bales, boxes, tubs, three legged stools and tables,—strewed about a heap of Mats serving for a Bed, L.H. a Group of Diggers in Picturesque Costumes of all Nations discovered.*

### CHORUS.

AIR.—“*A Life on the Ocean Wave.*”

A Life in the diggings for us,  
Where we can live merry and free,  
Amassing wealth without any fuss,  
And perpetually having a spree.

No laws we respect but our own,  
All others we treat with a sneer,  
And the laws of the diggers make known  
That we are the sole monarch's here.

To a life in the diggings, &c.

*A characteristic DANCE, at the end of which, MICK peeps in at back.*

MICK. I beg pardon gentlemen, I've come to the wrong tint.

HOWSER. All right come in my flowery tater.

MICK. Thank you, I thought this was Mr. Phillips tint.  
How. And so it is.

MICK. He never tould me he was giving a party.

How. Ah, we make parties ourselves, we have knocked off for to day, and passing Mr. Phillip's tent, we thought we'd taste his brandy.

MICK. What widout the asking.

How. Asking, Ha, ha, ha, we never ask here, but all do as we like, every man takes what he wants, barring its each others gold.

MICK. Dear me how convanient, true I thought Mr. Phillips was the master here.

How. Master! Ha, ha, ha, we're all *masters* here.

MICK. Are you, what the divil do you do for the men then?

How. Mr. Phillips certainly owns the land, and we treat him perhaps with a little more respect on that account, but we stand no nonsense here I can tell you, anyone doing what is wrong in our eyes—we Lynch 'em.

MICK. What's that?

How. Hang 'em up to the first tree we meet!

MICK. Oh Lord—what widout judge or jury or benefit of clargy?

How. Of course!—it's a saving of time and expense to the country.

MICK. Oh, so 'tis, only its mighty inconvenient to the parties themselves, if they wished to write home to their friends.

PHILLIP AMORY, *enters at back.*

PHIL. Good day my friend, good day—I regret I was not at home to receive you, but I have good news for you, I have discovered a vein of the precious metal far more auriferous than our hitherto pabulous, as 'tis termed or marvellous takings.

How. I'll have the first chance. (*making for opening.*)

ALL. No, no, I—I—I——

*A struggle ensues and during the scuffle they exeunt.  
C. and L.*

MICK. Oh dear, how eager the divils are.



PHIL. Aye, to procure that treacherous ore, that ever since the world began, has been the origin of every crime.

MICK. Well Mr. Phillip, sure I suppose you are mighty rich yourself?

PHIL. Oh yes, and why should you not be, since chance has thrown us once again together?

MICK. You may say that indeed—little did I think you were flesh and blood when I clapped my eyes upon you, and walked with you to the quay, and from the quay to the deck, and from the deck to the cabin, where we colloqued and colloqued till the blaguard ship sailed, and when I wanted to get on the quay again, she was out to say—and if I had had the stride of the Colossus of Rhodes I couldn't have reached the shore.

PHIL. Well Michael now you are here, lose no time in enriching yourself—you no doubt have ties—have kindred whom you love—whose hearts your fortune may make glad.

MICK. You may say that—there's a little black eyed girl in Knock-me-down softly, that I'd like to make an honest woman of—and buy her an extra flannel petticoat, so wid your lave I'll be afther taking a dig to myself, and when I get rich, sure we'll go home together.

PHIL. Home—where is that?—where shall the wanderer find a home?

MICK. Where—why wid those who'd make his home home happy to be sure! but I'll be loosing all the gold.

PHIL. Stay, toke this (*presenting pistol*) it is not overy one here who really *works*, there are those who watch the ardent digger with avidity, though they will not toil themselves, such men are these 'tis needful well to be prepared for—when your gleanings are ended and if they should molest you, present this at their heads.

MICK. And shoot 'em.

PHIL. Ay, if needs be it, is the fashion.

MICK. Well it's a mighty quare place; what wid shooting and Lynching I'm after thinking it won't take you long to get rid of your surplus population. Well, now then to think of the goold and Biddy Brady that's crying herself into a squint for me at Knock-me-down aizy.

*Exit c. and L.*

PHIL. What madness was it come o'er my heart, tempting me to re-visit scenes that I thought banished for ever from

my memory—scenes that re-called at once that terrible circumstance that sent the iron to my soul, searing and blighting all my hopes for ever.

STEPHEN GRANT, *ragged and emaciated appears at back.*

GRANT. Oh, good gentleman, kind gentleman give me charity, I sink for food—I have not eaten for many an hour.

PHIL. Come in poor wretch and feed, here is plenty—yet hold, it is the truth you tell—you are not one of those who by a specious tale, obtains our pity, and repays our bounty by artifice and robbery?

GRANT. Indeed good Sir, I am not! I myself have been robbed of all I possessed.

PHIL. Do you know the robbers?

GRANT. Yes, good Sir, I think I do.

PHIL. Come, sit you down, describe the men to me when you are refreshed—I have some little power here, and can bring them to condign punishment.

GRANT *sits*—PHILLIP *gets refreshments.*

GRANT. (*aside*) I must not tell him I lost my all at the gambling-board. (*aloud*) If I could but sleep awhile, good Sir, it would refresh me much to tell the tale—I have not slept for many an hour.

PHIL. Here then (*shaking the mats L.*) rest you here—no one will molest you.

GRANT. (*drinking*) Thanks! thanks!

MUSIC.—*He lays on the mats, and seems to sleep.*

PHIL. Sleep! sweet sleep! friend to the bruised mind! how welcome would you be to me!—but we are sundered, I fear, never to unite again. (*sits at table*) And yet, as if influenced by you sleeping wretch, my eyelids grow heavy. Oh, welcome, welcome forgetfulness!

MUSIC.—*He rests his head upon the table, and sleeps*—GRANT *looks up, listens, rises, approaches on his hands and knees, assures himself that PHIL-*

LIP sleeps, goes to the entry of the tent, reconnoitres—He crosses to R.H., opens box, takes out bags of gold—At this moment MICK appears at back—GRANT takes a purse or bag from his breast, and begins to fill.

MICK. What the devil is that—a fellow a-thieving, and Phillip asleep? It's a rare case of Lynching I'm after thinking I'll be seeing—I'll hasten the diggers to enjoy the sport!

*Exit.*

PHIL. (*wakes and starts up, silently looking towards the mats*) Gone! not there! (*turns, sees GRANT, and seizes him*) Villian! robber! is it thus you repay my hospitality, by robbing me?

GRANT. Let me go!—will you let me go! I am stronger than you think.

PHIL. Never! never till assistance shall arrive!

GRANT. (*struggling*) Let me but get my knife!

PHIL. Oh! and I unarmed!

GRANT. So much the better!

*He throws him L.H. and is rushing upon him with his knife, when MICK appears at c. and fires—GRANT falls—DIGGERS appear at back.*

DIGGERS. What's up?—what's the matter?

MICK. (*shaking GRANT, who drops the bag and the coins on the ground*) Ah! a little bit of robbery, and would be murder.

DIGGERS. Lynch him! Lynch him!

*He is seized, while others get a rope, tie a noose, and throw the end over a tree at the entrance of the tent—At the same moment PHILLIP starts, and picks up a ring from among the coins.*

PHIL. Hold! stay, for the love of heaven! This ring which was my mother's—how came you by that?

DIGGERS. Lynch him—Lynch him! (*dragging him back*)

GRANT. Save me—spare me!

PHIL. The ring—the ring! Tell me, or you will be hung, and I shall go mad!

GRANT bounds for a moment to the side of PHILLIPS, shrieks, and falls senseless, as the DIGGERS drag GRANT up to the tree—MICK goes to PHILLIPS, —GRANT on his knees, DIGGERS in the act of stringing him up.—TABLEAU.

END OF ACT THE FIRST.

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Apartment in the House of Dr. Jeremy.*

*Enter* DR. JEREMY, followed by a SERVANT, R.

DR. J. (*reading a card*) "Count O'Reilly." (*to SERVANT*) Show the gentleman in.

*Exit* SERVANT L.

—Although I haven't the pleasure of his acquaintance.

SERVANT shows in MICK, dressed in the extreme of showy fashion, with rings, chain, &c., L.

DR. J. I am glad to see you, Sir.

MICK. Same to you, Sir. You stare as if you knew me, Doctor.

DR. J. Well, at the moment, the tones of the voice reminded me of a servant of a friend of mine, Mr. Graham—whose mysterious absence from Boston, a few years since, has never been satisfactorily accounted for.

MICK. Some great big blackguard, no doubt.

DR. J. Indeed, Sir, he was anything but that—he was an honest, worthy, upright man, respected by all who knew him; and his mysterious departure from Boston caused us all great pain and anxiety.



MICK. Och! I'm mighty glad to hear that!

DR. J. Well, that's consoling, Sir—I am much obliged to you.

MICK. Bedad, you will be more so by and bye, when I make you stare!

DR. J. Stare! at what? You bring me no ill news, I hope? for I assure you, Sir, I am such a happy-go-lucky dispenser of medicine, that I'd rather hear a funny tale than a serious one.

MICK. I'll make you both laugh and cry before I have done with you.

DR. J. You are vastly accommodating.

MICK. How's your ould flame, Patty Pace—that ould gal of yours? Does she slip about when it freezes, as much as she did?

DR. J. Eh? Why, who are you, that knows that individual?

MICK. Oh, bedad! I know her well enough,—many's the rowl we've had together!

DR. J. Sir! I doubt you, Sir. (*going closer to him*) Count O'Reilly?

MICK. That's it—that's what I am *now*.

DR. J. But was not always so, eh? (*looking at him*) Why, it can't be!

MICK. Arrab! give us your fisht, Doctor darling—it's your ould acquaintance, Mick Milligan, stands before you.

DR. J. What a transformation!

MICK. You may say that, Doctor dear,—I am transformed and betwisted into what you behold—a Californian Aristocrat.

DR. J. What a weight your coming back will be off the mind of Mr. Graham!

MICK. He must not know of it, honey. I'm on a voyage of discovery; and as I have the divils own questions to ask, give me a toothful of something, for the love of heaven, or I'll faint entirely.

DR. JEREMY *rings*—SERVANT *enters, with tray, decanters, and glasses*—DR. JEREMY *pours out*.

MICK. (*drinks*) Here's luck! How's your fat wife?

DR. J. Well, not so well. We think of going up the Hudson for a breath of air.



MICK. What's come of Gerty—little Gerty Flint, the lamplighter's girl?

DR. J. *Little* Gerty, indeed! She's a fine young woman now, I assure you—begins to turn a few young men's heads, I can tell you.

MICK. Oh, they may turn all round if they like. Of course she won't forget Willie.

DR. J. It seems Willie has forgot her.

MICK. Pooh, pooh! to the devil I'd pitch that tale.

DR. J. Oh! let me see—you went away before she excited the anger of Mr. Graham?

MICK. I suppose I did.

DR. J. Where did you go to?

MICK. Well, suppose for the present I don't know?

DR. J. I see some mystery about you. Well, then, of course you *don't* know what's been passing in your absence.

MICK. How should I, man alive?—that's the very thing I *want* to know.

DR. J. Gerty promised faithfully to watch over Willie's mother and grandfather, who had become quite imbecile—Mrs. Sullivan herself had just then shewn that consumption had taken firm possession of her frame.

MICK. Oh dear! and the poor boy away! Well, go on.

DR. J. The old grandfather got captious and would take no nourishment but from Gerty's hand, and all my attention to Mrs. Sullivan could not prevent her shewing the complaint was making rapid strides. Gertrude determined at once to leave Mr. Graham's and tend solely on the two.

MICK. Ha! that was owing to the promise she gave the boy at parting.

DR. J. To be sure it was.

MICK. To be sure—it's as clear as mud. Well, go on.

DR. J. Well, Mr. Graham had determined on going, about this time, to Europe; and, seeing that Gertrude's society was almost essential to the existence of his blind daughter, never imagined for a moment but that Gerty would accompany them, of course.

MICK. Which, of course, she wouldn't do?

DR. J. She wouldn't.

MICK. Of course! her duty to the boy of her heart, her promise must be kept—and she kept it.

DR. J. She did.

MICK. That she may be the mother of a large family for that. Well, go on.

DR. J. The amazement and indignation of Mr. Graham knew no bounds.

MICK. The ould baste!

DR. J. He stormed and reminded her of her obligation to him—that she had come into his house a child of Charity.

MICK. The ould blackguard!

DR. J. Emily saw it in the right light, and said that Gerty did but do her duty.

MICK. Oh, the pearl of the ocean! if she could but open her peepers, the poor dear!

DR. J. Mr. Graham would hear no argument, and forbade Gertrude ever to cross his threshold.

MICK. No loss that, the ould baste!

DR. J. But she did.

MICK. Of course she did. Well, go on.

DR. J. When she left Graham House she tended Mrs. Sullivan and the old man until they died.

MICK. Oh, they did die.

DR. J. (*bows*)

MICK. Poor darlin'! she might set up in the undertaking line, she has so much to do with dead people. Well, go on.

DR. J. She then went as an assistant to a school.

MICK. Arrah, brave girl! she ought to have been an Irishman born!

DR. J. She wrote, of course, to Willie, informing him of the events—to which he replied, using these remarkable words:—"You are all that is left to me, Gertrude; if I loved you before; my heart is now bound to you by ties stronger than those of earth—my hopes, my labours, my prayers, are all for you. Heaven grant we may some day meet again!"

MICK. And they have?

DR. J. They haven't: to her other letters she never had an answer. Some years are passed, and though she says nothing, I think her mind is made up that he is either dead or has abandoned her.

MICK. That he has not done—that I'd swear through an iron pot or a nine-inch brick wall. And where is she now?

DR. J. Well, Mr. Graham changed his mind and went to New Orleans; there he married a widow of some property—a sister of Mr. Clinton, Willie's patron. Of course she took off his attention from poor Miss Emily—

MICK. Of course, the ould blackguard!

DR. J. And previous to her return to Boston he wrote a note to Gerty, to resume her attentions to Miss Emily.

MICK. Which she did?

DR. J. She did.

MICK. That every curl on her head may be a long emerald bigger than the island that bears that name! And the Grahams, where are they?

DR. J. At their country seat. Mrs. Jeremy and I are shortly going there, to see if we can't enlist Emily and Gerty into our party up the Hudson.

MICK. When will that take place?

DR. J. Very shortly—the hot weather setting in earlier than we expected.

MICK. (*making notes in pocket-book*) That's the dandy!

DR. J. You are making a memorandum of that fact—are you going our way?

MICK. I am; and so is somebody else. (*winking at him*)

DR. J. Who?

MICK. One at sight of whom you'll open your eyes as wide as a church door. But now see, doctor, I've got out of you all that is necessary for the plans of those I serve——

DR. J. *Serve!* I thought you were a Count?

MICK. Well, and don't Counts serve?—and mighty dirty servants they sometimes make. I shall meet you again at west point, or Saratoga, or Catskill Mountain: in the meantime you haven't seen me—you comprehend? I am a *Count* of the Californian breed, of the first class—not a bit of Brummagem about me. Would you do me the favour to see me to the door, doctor darlin'?

DR. J. With pleasure, Mick; for I see under that disguise something looming in the distance for the benefit of Emily and Gerty.

MICK. You are right—Rollicking Mick's the boy to be trusted! Come wid me, doctor, as far as my hotel, and you shall have a handful of my goolden nuggets—so you shall!

*Exeunt L.*

SCENE II.—*Hall or Drawing Room in Graham House; an octagonal room—Arched doors R. II. and L. II.—Through the one to the L. II. the Road and Entrance Gate are seen, a gravel walk with flowering shrubs on either side—To*

the R.H. the door leads to a Garden; exotics and fountains are visible—A pair of draperied windows, c., open; beyond which, a rich and varied landscape.

BELLE CLINTON seated in a rocking-chair by the door, L.H., embroidering—On a low ottoman near her sits KITTY RAY, huddled up in a large crimson shawl.

KIT. I say, Belle, which do you think is the most benefited by this marriage—Mr. Graham or our Aunt Holbrook?

BEL. Well, it's slightly puzzling. In *fortune* they are equal. She certainly has no blind daughter to bring him, though he has one to encumber her.

KIT. Oh, she's not much of an incumbrance—we rarely see her.

BEL. No, thanks to that Flint person—Gertrude don't they call her?

KIT. (*jumping up*) Why, here comes Gerty; and who can that be with her? I didn't know there was a beau to be had here.

BEL. A beau indeed!

KIT. And why not a beau? I'm sure he looks very like one.

BEL. Ha, ha, ha! I wouldn't give much for any of Miss Flint's beaux.

KIT. Wouldn't you? You had better wait before you decide. You near-sighted people shouldn't decide in such a hurry. I can tell you he is a gentleman you wouldn't object to walk with yourself—it's Mr. Bruce, the one we met in New Orleans.

BEL. (*starting up*) I don't believe it!

KIT. You will soon have a chance to see for yourself, for he is coming home with her.

BEL. (*stamping*) He is! What *can* he be walking with her for?

KIT. To show his taste, perhaps. I'm sure he couldn't find more agreeable company.

BEL. You and I don't agree about that. I am sure I don't see anything so *very* agreeable about her.

KIT. Because you *won't*, Belle. Everybody else thinks her charming; and Mr. Bruce is opening the gate for her as if she were a queen. I like him for that.



BEL. Only look—she's got on that white crape bonnet, and that check gingham dress. I wonder what Mr. Bruce can think of her, and he such a critic in ladies' dress.

MUSIC—GERTRUDE and MR. BENJAMIN BRUCE  
*enter through gate, and up walk, into the room.*

GER. (*as she enters*) Oh, Mr. Bruce, I feel it no trouble or indignity to assist Mrs. Ellis, the housekeeper,—she has more company now than she has had for years; and what time I can spare from my attendance on Emily, I willingly give to her.

BRUCE. Still I think it a degradation for one so charming as yourself, to descend to the duties of a common servant girl.

GER. My hands are not made of kid, Mr. Bruce, that I should fear lending them to assist a friend in distress.

BRUCE. Well, but could not those ladies who give so much extra trouble, could not they assist?

GER. (*laughing at KITTY*) Well, no—I think they could not. You will excuse me, Mr. Bruce—I must make Mrs. Ellis happy by informing her I have procured the strawberries for her dessert.

*Curtseys to him, crosses to R. 1 E., and exits.*

KIT. What! Mr. Bruce we saw at New Orleans?

BRUCE. Really, ladies, you will pardon me—I saw you not.

BEL. No!—too much occupied! I am surprised at your taste.

BRUCE. Miss Flint is a very charming person.

BEL. Do you think so?—how very odd! Do you reside here, Mr. Bruce?

BRUCE. My mother has had a mansion adjoining this for years.

KIT. Oh, how nice!—then we shall often see you?

BRUCE. Oh yes, now I know the attraction. (*bowing*) (*aside*) It isn't you I mean, for all that.

*Enter FANNY from door L.H.*

—Ah Fanny, are you going up into Miss Emily's room (*she nods*) you will see Miss Gertrude, and ask her whether she would favor me with a few moments conversation.



FANNY *laughs, nods her head, and runs off* R. 1 E.

KIT. Who is that wild Indian?

BRUCE. Oh, only a sister of mine!

KIT. Is she now?—well, I've seen her here several times. I didn't know she was your sister—how very pretty she is!

BRUCE. Do you think so? I am sorry I am not of your opinion,—I think her a positive fright.

FANNY *returns, and takes BRUCE's arm.*

FANNY. She says she's busy, and can't come.

KIT. Who?

FAN. Miss Flint.

BEL. Dear me, what a pity! (*to BRUCE*) I really pity you.

KIT. What is she doing?

FAN. Picking strawberries. (*going*)

BRUCE. Where are you going, Fanny?

FAN. Up-stairs—Miss Flint said I might bring down her birds.

BRUCE. What birds?

FAN. Her birds,—I am going to hang them in the sun, and then they will sing beautifully. (*goes to R.H., returns with birds in cage*) Look, look—ain't they beautiful?

BEL. There now, if these are not the very birds that wake us up so early!

KIT. I shouldn't wonder. Bring them here, Fanny. Oh, goodness, what pretty creatures they are! Look, Mr. Bruce. I wonder where she got them from,—do you know, Fanny?

FAN. Oh, they are India birds,—Mr. Sullivan sent them to her.

KIT. Who is he?

FAN. A *very* particular friend—she used to have a quantity of letters from him.

BEL. What Mr. Sullivan?—do you know his Christian name?

FAN. Well, I suppose it's Willam. Miss Flint calls the birds her little Willies.

KIT. Why, Belle, that's your Mr. Sullivan.

BRUCE. Dear me, what a favoured man he seems to be!—the property of one lady, and the particular friend of another.

BEL. I don't know what you mean, Kitty. Mr. Sullivan is a junior partner of my father's; but I have not seen him for years.

KIT. Except in your dreams, Belle—you forget.

BEL. Kitty, you become offensive.

FAN. What! do *you* dream about Mr. Sullivan? (*hanging birds up*) I wonder whether Miss Flint ever does? I'll ask her.

KIT. So will I—and here she comes.

GERTRUDE *enters R. 1 E.*

BEL. }  
and } Do you dream of Mr. Sullivan, Miss Gertrude?  
KIT. }

GER. Yes, sometimes; but what do either of you know of Mr. Sullivan?—why do you ask?

KIT. Oh, nothing, (*looking at BELLE*) only others do, as well.

GER. Indeed. (*aside*) She means Miss Clinton,—she is the daughter of William's patron. Should there be truth in this! No, no, I'll not believe it.

BRUCE. (*with meaning*) You seem annoyed, Miss Flint.

GER. Oh, by no means—I am rather pleased of the two; for from the windows of Miss Emily's room I saw an old friend advancing, and I am here to welcome him.

*Enter DR. JEREMY L.H.D.*

DR. J. Charming morning—lovely women. Only one beau?—then there's room for me.

GER. Oh, I am so glad to see you, Doctor!

DR. I know you are; but where's Mr. Graham?

GER. With Mrs. G., planning their summer tour.

DR. J. Does he take you and Emily with him?

BEL. (*aside*) I hope not, if I go.

KIT. (*aside to her*) I hope so, if I go.

DR. J. Well, Fanny—well, Ben—married yet?

BRUCE. (*looking at GERTRUDE*) Not yet, Sir—I should very much like to be.

DR. J. Oh oh! sweet on Gertrude! No go—grapes are sour!

*Enter MR. GRAHAM L.H. 1 E.*

MR. GRA. Ah, Doctor—delighted to see you,—what's the news?

DR. J. Nothing particular—I am only here to ask a little favour of you.

MR. GRA. Command me in any shape.

DR. J. Do you, in your contemplated tour, take Emily and Gertrude?

MR. GRA. Well no, I think not.

BEL. (*aside*) Oh, I am so glad.

KIT. I am so sorry.

MR. GRA. It's Emily's own request, and I think in accordance with Gertrude's wishes also, they will remain here during the summer months.

DR. J. Indeed they will not, if I have any hand in it.

MR. GRA. How—it is their wish, is it not Gertrude?

GER. Whatever Miss Emily's wishes may be on the subject, I yield to; therefore Sir, consult not me.

MR. GRA. What is it you have to propose Sir, you, as the guardian of my daughter's health, cannot but wish her well.

DR. J. Well, Mrs. J. and I propose a tour up the Hudson as far as Catskill, and I think it would be a very nice little excursion for the girls.

MR. GRA. With all my heart—what say you Gertrude?

GER. With all my heart, say I too Sir!—and I think Miss Emily will have no objection.

DR. J. So far then all is settled; but who have we here Miss Pace, I declare, ah Miss Pace——

*Enter PATTY PACE, L., GERTRUDE meets her.*

PATTY. Thanks sweetest of amiabilities, permit me to make a genuflexion to the company (*curtsies*) Oh, doctor, here you are you rogue, calling up the remembrance of when you pierced my heart with a pang as sharp as a darning needle.

DR. J. Oh, oh, you have found out the good qualities of Miss Gertrude, have you?

PAT. I should imagine I had—when the conductor of the vehicle sent me recumbent on the bottom—of the omnibus, by a too sudden shock, this young lady was its only occupant, and she smoothed my disordered garments with a most conforming air, I assure you. I thought I had lost my

parasol, the dear remembered partner of bye-gone days—when her detective eye assured me of its safety—she saw me to my mansion, and many's the pleasant hours that we have had together (*seeing BELLE who goes up in disgust as she speaks*)—Miss Isabella as I still live, and enjoying a radiant and luxuriant existence. Bless my heart! my dear, how your youthful days like mine have expanded.

KIT. Why Miss Pace, where did you come from?

PAT. Miss Catharina I declare!—then you knew me. Blessings on your memory of an old friend.

KIT. Certainly I knew you the moment that I saw you—you are not so easily forgotten I assure you—Belle don't you remember Miss Pace, it was at your house I have always seen her——

BEL. (*with contempt*) Oh, is it her?

PAT. (*to GERTRUDE and KITTY*) Ah, she's got a proud heart (*pointing to BRUCE*) Whose spark is that Catharina?

KIT. (*laughing*) Mine Patty, mine!

PAT. (*goes to GRAHAM*) And where's the lovely bride?

MR. GRA. Engaged at present, Patty.

PAT. Let me see, this is the third——

MR. GRA. (*bows*)

PAT. (*touching him with her fan*) Oh you Cormorant you.

MR. GRA. Wont you sit down Miss Pace?

PAT. No I thank you, I have an inquiring mind—I'll take a survey of your apartment—I like to view everything that's modern (*looking round*) Gertrude my dear, what have they done with the second wife?

GER. Miss Pace!——

PAT. Oh, I only mean the counterfeit of the second Mrs. Graham, it always hung there (*pointing to a panel*) If my memory serves me.

GER. I believe up stairs in the garret.

PAT. Eh! the garret—bless my stars, but it is so—whatever is new, obliterates even the—recollection of what is old. She was a very fine woman, had a remarkably handsome fellow for a son—would have made a very nice conforming husband, but for the affair of the eyes—I think Mr. Graham you were unjustly harsh in that matter.

MR. GRA. (*agitated*) Woman!

DR. J. That was a home thrust Patty.

*Darts off L.H.*



PAT. (*pompously*) "Let the galled jade wince, our withers are un-wrung."—Ha, ha, I was once going to play Hamlet.

FAN. *and* CHARACTERS. Ha, ha, ha!

BRUCE. Fanny, be polite.

FAN. I shant—polite indeed, who's to teach me? you. Ha, ha, ha.

PAT. Politeness! a lovely but a rare virtue, remarkably well developed in my friend Gertrude here, and which I do not hesitate to affirm would well become a princess.

FAN. And I'd rather imitate her than any one I know. Miss Gertrude, how shall I learn to be polite?

GER. Don't you recollect what your music-master said about learning to play with expression?

BRUCE. And what did he say?

FAN. Why, when asked, How I should learn to play with expression, he said "you must cultivate your heart, Miss Bruce, you must cultivate your heart!"

PAT. And the melodious music-master was right. I have a case in point of a rare instance of true politeness, and the fitting reward it met.

ALL. Oh, let us hear it!

PAT. On a winter's day, some years ago, an old woman of many foibles and besetting weaknesses, but with a keen eye and share of worldly wisdom, Miss Patty Pace by name, started by special invitation to visit the worshipful Squire Clinton, the honoured parent of that fair maiden yonder. Every tall tree in the city was spangled with frost-work, more glittering far than the gems that sparkle in Golconda mine, and the side-walks were a snare to the old and the unwary.

DR. J. I think I recollect the day well,—a regular slider.

PAT. True, it was. I lost my equilibrium and fell. Two gallant gentlemen raised me up and revived me with a fragrant cordial, but I should never have reached my destination but for a knight of the rosy countenance, who protected my steps. Oh, ladies! paint to your imagination a youth, lovely as a sunbeam! Could you have seen him, Miss Catharina, or you, Miss Fanny, your palpitating hearts would have taken flight together! He *was* a paragon indeed! I hardly think he coveted my old heart,

but I sometimes believe it followed him, for truly he is still a subject of my meditations.

KIT. Oh! then that was his reward.

PAT. Not so, Miss Kitty—guess again.

KIT. I can think of nothing so desirable, Miss Patty.

FAN. How so?

PAT. Mrs. Clinton knew my taste; and when I told of the gallant bearing of the youth, she was interested. Mr. Clinton was there, too, and had his eyes open; he promised to see the youth, and did so—the noble features of the boy did the rest. A clerk at first, and now a junior partner and confidential agent to a wealthy house. Miss Clinton, perhaps, can inform us of the latest tidings from Mr. William Sullivan.

GER. (*aside*) Oh! can it be?

BEL. 'Pon my life I do not know: he is well, I believe—I know nothing to the contrary. Mr. Bruce, will you favour me with your arm for a stroll? (*taking his arm*) The idea of any young man owing his fortunes to a fright like that!

BRUCE. Oh, ridiculous!

*Exeunt BRUCE and BELLE, L.H.*

GER. Then you, dear Miss Pace, were the origin of his introduction to Mr. Clinton?

PAT. I was—the dear, exuberant, youthful creature!

GER. Oh, how grateful he will be when he knows it! We attributed it to some good angel.

PAT. That was me—ha, ha, ha! But, by the way, there was a degree of deep friendship between you and him—was there not?

DR. J. Pooh, pooh! something stronger than that.

PAT. Ay, ay, I guess. Ah, well, it's very nice!—I know that. But will you, young ladies, shew me to the bride's apartment?

FAN. }

and }

KIT. }

Oh, yes! that we will, Miss Pace!

PAT. Thank you, dears. I will pay Emily a visit in her own room, Gertrude.

GER. I will be there to receive you, Miss Pace.

PAT. I know you will, you are such a conforming creature—a treasure to the man who gets you, dearest. Not so quick, my lambkins, please—I am not like you, continu-

ally dancing quadrilles and polkas. Oh, I remember a measure I used to tread, something like this. (*hums an antiquated air, and begins to dance, the two girls yield to her whim, and gaily join in a reel, after dance.*)

*Exeunt* PATTY PACE, FANNY, and KITTY, L. 1 E.

GER. We are at length alone. What can this coolness of Willie's portend? No answer to all my letters. Perhaps other ties have bound him to the foreign land, and poor Gertrude is now forgotten.

DR. J. I'll not believe it—I'll not believe it. There is some cause that he will explain one day to your satisfaction; so never think of wearing the willow till you are sure of his faithlessness.

GER. I'd rather die than ever see that day.

DR. J. You never will see that day, and I don't intend to let you die; so we'll to Miss Emily. Pack up your rattle-traps, for if possible we start to-morrow.

GER. So soon?

DR. J. To be sure—we can't afford to lose an inch of fine weather. A beautiful country, strange faces, and fresh air, are wonderful dispellers of the dumps, my dear.

MUSIC—*Exeunt* R. 1 E.

### SCENE III.—*Room in an Hotel at New York.*

*Enter* PHILLIP and MICK L.

PHIL. You are positive of the route they take?

MICK. As positive as that O'Donoghue rises out of the Lakes of Killarney. I made a reference in my ledger, and they'll be in New York very shortly now, so as to start immediately.

PHIL. 'Tis well. Yet stay—it is the crowded season. You'd better take a start a-head; and as it would be rather unpleasant for them to have no lodgings, provide in case of need beforehand.

MICK. Oh, never fear, but I'll get 'em a nice shake-me-down in every place they stop at.

PHIL. And remember, we don't know each other.

MICK. I wouldn't own you for my twenty-ninth cousin.

PHIL. Does Mr. Graham go anywhere this summer?

MICK. To *Halve Her*, they say—but who the *Her* is he's going to *halve*, is beyond my comprehension.

PHIL. Havre—a town in France.

MICK. Oh, I see—they're going to fraternise.

*Enter DR. GRYSEWORTH L.*

DR. G. Phillips, they have arrived. When shall I introduce you to Jeremy?

PHIL. In the morning, not now. (*aside to MICK*) Go—go,—do as I have told you.

MICK. I will; and if I don't execute your orders with precision and tact, so as to hit the nail on the right head, I'll walk on red-hot bricks for the rest of my days.

*Exit R.*

DR. G. Does your courage fail you?

PHIL. No, no!—and yet there is a dread, a nameless dread, upon my mind, that I may have been prejudiced by report, and that the object I wish to love, should have been taught to hate me.

DR. G. That would indeed be a dreadful ending to your high-wrought hopes; but if you dwell too much on that idea, 'twill mar your efforts to convince yourself your suspicions are unfounded.

PHIL. I grieve they should have lynched the man who, robber though he was, whispered the intelligence into my ear, that for the moment paralysed me.

DR. G. 'Tis better, perhaps, it should be so; an inborn villain, is seldom grateful, even for life preserved.

PHIL. 'True—'tis better, as you say.

*BELL heard.*

DR. G. Good heavens! we have talked the very night away, and must hasten, or we shall not get standing-room on deck.

PHIL. I will follow you in a few moments.

*Exit DR. GRYSEWORTH L.*

—A few moments ere I become the cool, calculating observer necessary to the ensuring of my future happiness. Yes, the crisis of my fate has come. A few short hours



decide whether my future is to be accursed, or blessed with the love of those I pant--oh, how eagerly--to press to this throbbing heart!

*Exit L.*

SCENE IV.—*Deck of a Steamer trading from New York up the Hudson—Steam up—All bustle and animation—PASSENGERS, Male and Female—Rocking chairs and small tables R. and L.*

DR. JEREMY *ascends from the cabin, followed by GERTRUDE, EMILY, and FANNY—BRUCE descends—GERTRUDE, EMILY, &c., seat themselves*  
R.

DR. J. Mrs. J. will take her breakfast in the cabin.

*Enter PHILLIP and DR. GRYSEWORTH.*

GER. And you with her?

DR. J. Not I indeed—I don't like such whims and fancies. I shall have mine with you.

GER. I have an excellent appetite. Emily dear, don't you find the air very bracing?

EMILY. Oh yes!—so balmy, so refreshing.

DR. G. (*advancing*) Jeremy, is it you? (*shaking hands*)

DR. J. Dr. Gryseworth, I am glad to see you.

DR. G. (*introducing*) Mr. Phillips, a friend of mine.

DR. J. Happy to see you, Sir—your likeness to a long-lost friend of mine, for the moment made me queer.

PHIL. I regret I should have recalled unpleasant feelings.

DR. J. The very tones too. Dear me, bless me—it's very odd. We are off, I see.

*Scene at back works in a panoramic manner, showing the varied views from New York up the Hudson.*

—We are going to partake of some creature comforts--will Mr. Phillips and yourself, Doctor, join us?

DR. G. With pleasure.

*They seat themselves at table, PHILLIP opposite EMILY, on whom he intently gazes—DR. JEREMY assists and passes—BLACK WAITER attending.*

DR. J. (*to WAITER*) Now mind you are very attentive to the ladies.

WAIT. Yes, Massa, him bery fond ob de ladies. (*handing plate to GERTRUDE*) Him like a nice hot corn cake, Missee?

FAN. (*aside to EMILY*) Miss Emily, my dear, there's a gentleman opposite admires you exceedingly.

EMILY. Is there? I am very much obliged to him. May I venture to return the compliment?

FAN. Oh yes—he's a fine-looking fellow—such eyes!—how he looks at you and Gertrude!

EMILY. Gertrude, who is that regarding us so intently?

GER. Where, dear Emily? (*sees PHILLIP*) Oh, a gentleman that—that—— (*confused, avoids his gaze*)

PHIL. (*rises, and goes towards L.*)

DR. J. What a very queer man!

GER. A very elegant one, isn't he?

DR. J. Elegant, with that grey head?

GER. I think it's beautiful; but I wish he didn't look so sad—it makes me melancholy to look at him.

DR. J. (*to GRYSEWORTH*) How old should you take your friend to be?

DR. G. About fifty.

GER. About thirty, Sir, I should think. See, see, as he stands now—how elegant—how totally different in appearance to the age you mention.

EMILY. You seem interested, Gertrude, in the stranger.

GER. And so would you, if you could see him.

DR. J. (*musings*) True—we shall be better acquainted, I trust. His age never turned his hair so grey.

FAN. Oh! see, see, Gertrude, what a beautiful place we are coming to! (*they rise. and go to R.*)

GER. Beautiful indeed!

EMILY. Dr. Jeremy, I will join your wife, with your permission.

DR. J. Do so, dearest, I will conduct you—come. (*leads EMILY down cabin stairs*)

FANNY leans on the arm of DR. GRYSEWORTH—  
*they go towards L.*

PHIL. (*to GERTRUDE*) Our paths lie in the same direction, it would seem, Miss. Do me the favour of looking over my Guide Book.

GER. Oh, thank you, Sir!

PHIL. You like all this very much?

GER. Oh, very much indeed, Sir!

PHIL. You have never seen anything more beautiful before?

GER. Never—it is, I presume, an old story to you, Sir?

PHIL. What makes you think so? Nay do not blush,—it's hardly a fair question to ask you. You probably think you had as much reason for your opinion as I had for mine. You are wrong, however,—I was never here before; but I am too old a traveller to carry my enthusiasm in my eyes, as you do. Excuse me—I embarrass you; but you are so like to one that—— (*turns away for a moment*)

GER. I see, I see, Sir. Pray make no apologies. Faces there are, I know, so much alike, that gazing on one, we oft-times think we look upon the other.

PHIL. Yes—oh yes!

DR. JEREMY *returns, and for a moment gazes on PHILLIP and GERTRUDE.*

DR. J. Well, this is pretty well for a beginning.

PHIL. Dr. Jeremy, I am glad to see you again. Introduce me to this young lady, for at present we know not how to address each other.

DR. J. Bless my soul, how remiss! Miss Gertrude Flint—Mr. Phillips.

PHIL. I hope Miss Gertrude will rank me in the list of her friends, and not be afraid of me when next we meet.

GER. That I feel I should never be.

PHIL. You may perhaps feel differently when you know me better—when you shall know how young, how fresh my heart was ere man's cruelty had seared it.

GER. You tremble, Sir—you are ill. Let me call Dr. Jeremy?

PHIL. No no, not for worlds. Ah! a tear bedews your cheek. Did you shed that tear for me? I believe you did, and from my heart I bless you; but never again weep for a stranger—you will have woes enough of your own, if you live to be of my age.

GER. If I had not had sorrows already, I should not know how to feel for others,—if I had not often wept for myself, I should not now have wept for you.

PHIL. But you are happy now?

GER. Yes.

PHIL. Some find it easy to forget the past.

GER. I have not forgotten it.

PHIL. Children's griefs are trifles, and you are still scarce more than a child.

GER. I never was a child.

PHIL. Strange girl! So you were never unhappy in your life?

GER. Never. Oh yes, stay—often!

PHIL. But never long?

GER. Yes, I can remember whole years when happiness was a thing I never dreamed of.

PHIL. But comfort came at last,—what do you think of those to whom it never comes?

GER. I know enough of sorrow to pity and help them.

PHIL. What can you do for them?

GER. Hope for them—pray for them.

PHIL. What if they be past hope—beyond the influence of prayer?

GER. There are no such.

PHIL. Happy, happy child! Go on—teach me, if you can, to see the world tinged with the rosy colouring it wears for you,—teach me to love and pity that miserable thing call man! I warn you that you have a difficult task—but you seem to be very hopeful.

GER. Do you hate the world?

PHIL. Almost.

GER. I did once.

PHIL. And will again, perhaps.

GER. No, that would be impossible,—the world has been a good and a kind foster-mother to its orphan child, and now I love it dearly.

PHIL. (*with eager emotion*) Have they been kind to you—have heartless strangers deserved the love you seem to feel for them?

GER. Heartless strangers? Oh, Sir! I wish you could have known my Uncle True, and Emily—dear blind Emily—you would think better of the world for their sakes.

PHIL. Tell me about them.

GER. There is not much to tell, only that one was old and poor—the other wholly blind; and yet they made



everything rich and bright and beautiful to me, a poor, desolate, injured child.

PHIL. Injured?—then you acknowledge you had previously met with wrong and injustice?

GER. I?—my earliest recollections are only of want and suffering, and much unkindness.

PHIL. And those friends took pity on you?

GER. Yes—one became an earthly father to me—the other taught me where to find a heavenly one.

*Enter BELLE CLINTON, leaning on the arm of WILLIE, L.*

BELLE. (*aside*) So, there's Miss Flint. Now for a triumph! (*to WILLIE*) You are so good to meet me, though I could expect no less after all your protestations.

WIL. I feel but too proud in attending to any little want you may express.

*They cross very slowly, BELLE with a look of triumph not noticing GERTRUDE, who on hearing WILLIE's voice starts from the side of PHILLIP, and darts half forward in breathless astonishment as they exit R.*

GER. (*in half soliloquy*) Why is he here, and with *her* leaning on his arm? How came he here, on this side the ocean, and not instantly seek me—his earliest, only friend—to welcome him back to his native land? Why not write and warn me of his coming? Oh, how I dwelt on the happy greeting we should have, on our first seeing each other!—the questions, the answers, that would pass between us, as the mutual tribute we should both pay to the memory of dear old Uncle True,—all, all has occupied my mind for years; and now, in one small minute, dashed into the very gulph of oblivion! Oh, 'tis dreadful—dreadful! (*weeps*)

*GERTRUDE's bonnet has fallen from her head, and her hair partly dropped on her shoulders, as she stands gazing on vacancy.*

PHIL. Gertrude, Gertrude! for heaven's sake don't look so!—speak, Gertrude! what is the matter?—what have these people done to you?—why do you care for them! If

that young man has injured you, the rascal, he shall answer for it.

GER. No, no—it is not that. I am better now—a great deal better.

PHIL. Come, Gertrude—one thing I would say to you. You have exhorted me to have confidence in everybody, but I bid you, all inexperienced as you are, not to believe too much—all may be brighter than you expect.

MUSIC.—*He supports her off, L.H.*

SCENE V.—*State Cabin of a Steamer—Front Grooves.*

*Enter MICK, R.H.*

MICK. Well, here we goes again. I've heard tell of a case of up, up, up and downy, but our movements are a case of backwards and forwards. Who the devil was that young fellow talking on deck to that spicy young lady, all ribbons and lace? But for the moostarcher, and being a trifle browner, I'd swear 'twas Willie Sullivan. And yet it couldn't be at all, for Miss Gerty would have been sure to recognise her sweetheart: but the devil a bit! Here they come—and here I go, to enjoy the cool breeze of the evening which is approaching fast. Ah, thin! I wish every one had made both their ends meet. Be at peace.

*Exit, L.H.*

GERTRUDE *leads EMILY in, R.*

GER. (*entering*) No, no, Emily, I am not in grief.

EMILY. No, no! not in grief! You are, Gertrude, and you seek to hide it from me. Tell me all, Gertrude, tell me all.

GER. He is here—he, this poor heart's idol!

EMILY. Willie—then 'twas his voice struck so familiar on my ear.

GER. It was.

EMILY. And have you not spoken to him?

GER. He will not speak to me—he does not know me, he does not see me—he loves another; and that other, conscious of the prize she has obtained, triumphantly passes by and mocks me with her look of pride.

EMILY. Strange! strange that you should be thus doomed. Oh, Gertrude! we may well weep together! But still I cannot help thinking your sorrow is far less bitter than mine. I have received a mysterious message that impels me to hasten home—the crisis of my fate, I think, approaches, and——

*A clattering of feet is heard, and uproar.*

—What is that?

GER. I will this instant see.

*Exit R.*

VOICES *outside cry* “Fire! fire!”—EMILY *screams and falls on her knees*—Alarm bell is rung—GERTRUDE, *without, exclaims*—

GER. Great heaven! the ship is on fire!

*Enter GERTRUDE, followed by PHILLIP.*

PHIL. Gertrude, my child—my own darling! be quiet, and I will save you!

GER. (*struggling with him*) No, no—Emily, Emily—let me die, but I must save Emily.

PHIL. Ha! where is she?

GER. There, there—let me go, let me go!

PHIL. Be calm! I will save you both. Follow me, Gertrude, closely. (*he takes EMILY in his arms*)

GER. Courage, Emily, he will save you.

EMILY. But you, Gertrude?

*A red glare is seen at wing, R., and through the crevices at the head of the cabin—PHILLIP is dashing off when a volume of flame drives him back.*

PHIL. Too late! too late!

*A crash is heard.*

—We have gone on shore!

*He dashes the window and frame from the side, L. flat. the horizon beyond red with the glare.*

—As I guessed! her bows are near the shore, and we shall yet escape!

*He takes a rope that is seen hanging from above.*

—Gertrude, I shall swim with Emily to shore—if the fire comes too near—hold on to this rope—keep your veil flying—I shall return.

EMILY. No, no, Gertrude—go first.

GER. Hush, Emily! we shall both be saved.

PHIL. (*stepping on to window-sill with EMILY*) Cling to my shoulder, Emily, in the water. Now heaven preserve us!

*Lowers himself down and disappears—GERTRUDE is about stepping on to the window-sill, when BELLE CLINTON, screaming, rushes on and clings to her, kneeling.*

BEL. Save me, Gertrude, save me—in mercy save me! Oh! what shall I do? I know I have behaved badly to you—but forgive and save me, Gertrude!

*Flashes of flame increase.*

GER. I cannot save you if you cling so tightly to me. Take your hands from about me, and I will try. (*aside*) Yes, Willie loves her—Willie will weep for *her* loss, and that must not be. He would not weep for Gertrude—at least, not much; and if one must die, it shall not be *her*! (*aloud*) Isabel, do you hear me? Stand up on your feet, do as I tell you, and you shall be saved. Do you hear me, Isabel? If you do as I tell you, you will be on shore, safe and well, in a few moments; but if you cling to me thus, like a foolish child, we shall both be burnt to death. For mercy's sake, get up quickly, and listen to me!

BEL. (*rising*) What must I do? I'll try.

GER. Do you see that person swimming this way?

BEL. I do—he will come to this spot.

GER. Hold fast to this piece of rope, and I will let you gradually down to the water. Yet hold! (*takes her veil off and places it on BELLE's head*) Now, now, or you will be too late!

*She assists her to descend by the rope, a portion of the scene falls, and a body of flame bursts forth—GERTRUDE gets out of the window, and*



*clings apparently to the guards above it—Disappears—Pause.*

SCENE VI.—*The burning Steamer, the front of the stage presumed to be the shore—EMILY on her knees, with hands clasped, L.H.—GERTRUDE clinging to the vessel flames issuing from the cabin window she got on in the precious scene—PHILLIP lands with BELLE, and lays her on the ground.*

PHIL. Emily, Emily, I have preserved our child! (*takes off veil, and starts*) No, no. 'tis another, and—— (*turns and sees GERTRUDE'S perilous position*) Heaven, she is lost!

EMILY screams, calling on Gertrude, extending her arms as if to save her—*The paddie-wheel begins to work, strikes GERTRUDE, who shrieks and drops into the water—PHILLIP utters a cry of horror, and is springing after her, when MICK, who has been busy in the stern part of the ship, jumps into the water—PHILLIP tears the handkerchief from his neck, and waves it.*

PHIL. Brave Michael—noble Michael—save her, and my wealth is yours!

EMILY. Michael, is it? (*rising, and finding PHILLIP, convulsively clutches him*)

PHIL. It is. He has her! Oh! who shall deny the wonders of a mighty Providence now?

MICK, *with GERTRUDE insensible, gets ashore—*  
PHILLIP kneels at MICK'S feet.

PHIL. Bless you, Michael, bless you!

EMILY kneels by his side—*The ship blows up, the funnel falling over the side—PICTURE—Scene closes.*

## TABLEAU THE FOURTH.

SCENE VII.—*Apartment in Mr. Graham's Country House.*

FOOTMAN *wheels on an easy chair, and MR. GRAHAM, leaning on the arm of KITTY RAY, enters R. and sits.*

MR. GRA. It is, then, true that Ben Bruce played the hypocrite to you?

KIT. It is, Sir—he has behaved most shamefully to me.

MR. GRA. He shall never enter my doors again. I have heard a skeleton of the story from housekeeper Ellis—what are the details?

KIT. He professed a passion for me, Sir, until I confess he won my heart, and I hailed the day I should become his wife as the happiest period of my existence. On the night Mrs. Graham and I were invited to a wedding ball by a neighbour, a sudden caprice, after dressing for the event, induced me to change my mind and not go. In crossing the hall, I stopped to pet Gertrude's birds. I heard voices, and only had time to slip behind the curtain, when Mr. Bruce and Gertrude entered the room; and there I heard him declare he had made overtures to me merely in the hope of rousing the jealousy of Gertrude, to whom, Sir, he then and there proposed.

MR. GRA. And she——

KIT. Refused him in such decided terms he could not mistake.

MR. GRA. By Jove, she is a noble girl! You will never think of him again?

KIT. Never, Sir.

*BELL rings violently.*

—My gracious, what an impatient ring!

MR. GRA. Perhaps it is Emily, Gertrude, and the Doctor returned.

KIT. I will see.

*Exit L.*

MICK. (*without*) All right, my darlin'—announce me as Count O'Reilly, Baron Doublemeup, or the Honourable Paddy Spifflicate!

KITTY *re-enters* L.

MR. GRA. That voice !

KIT. An Irish nobleman, Sir.

MR. GRA. An Irish groom, more likely.

*Enter* MICK L.

MICK. And is it there you are, Mr. Graham honey ? The gout's poking his fun at you, I see.

MR. GRA. I'll poke my stick at you, Sir, in a moment ! What means this masquerade ? Where have you been, Sir, all this time, and what induced you to absent yourself in that mysterious manner ?

MICK. The entreaties of a friend and the swift sails of a ship : and a very dacent passage we had indeed, and arrived in the Colony of Goold with a glorious appetite for the precious metal.

MR. GRA. You are evasive, Sir.

MICK. Take it aisy, Sir ?—to be sure, Sir—I always did, Sir, and always will, Sir—nothing like taking iverything aisy. Which toe's the gout in, Sir ?

MR. GRA. When did you get that dress, Sir ?

MICK. When I pulled off your livery, Sir—and then I began to sing—

(sings) How do you like me now ?

How do you like me now ?

Once as a groom I used an ould broom,

But how do you like me now ?

MR. GRA. I see—bitten with the gold mania. You'll want now, I suppose, servants to wait on you ?

MICK. Divil the wait I'll wait at all, ounly on you and Miss Emily and Miss Gertrude, and their husbands whin they get them, and their children whin they get *them*, and so on to the end of the chapter—till I send for my little girl from Knock-me-down-aisy, and make her wear stockings for the first time in her life.

MR. GRA. You have come here to banter me, Sir, for some motive or other.

MICK. (*with feeling*) No, in troth, Sir—I come to pave the way for a summut that in occurring will make aisy your latter end. You have been harsh and unforgiving ;

but you are repentant, nevertheless; and bedad, I'll stick to you while you have got a sixpence and I a pound!

MR. GRA. And what great sacrifice am I to make for all this, Michael?

MICK. Divil the much!—but sure I am forgetting what I came to tell you about; but poor Miss Emily and Miss Gertrude being burnt—

MR. GRA.

and

} What? Good heavens!

KITTY.

MICK. Or at laste were roasted—or whether it was ounly a scorch, I forgot to bare their shoulders to see.

MR. GRA. You are either mad or have been drinking.

MICK. That's it—I gulped down enough of the Hudson waters to spoil all the whiskey I'll drink for a month.

MR. GRA. Ring, Kitty, and have him turned out of the room.

MICK. Then divil a word will I let you know.

KIT. But you will let me know, won't you, Michael?—what were you saying about a fire?

MICK. Oh, it blazed beautifully—ha, ha, ha!—and to see ould Dr. Jeremy carrying Fanny Bruce a pig-a-back through the water—oh, the laugh that was on me!

MR. GRA. Some accident has happened. Ring, Kitty.

MICK. Hould your whisht—the bodies are coming.

MR. GRA.

and

} Here?—whose?

KITTY.

MICK. The whole of 'em, as fast as an omnibus can bring them.

MR. GRA. But whose—whose, in heaven's name?

MICK. Dr. Jeremy and Gryseworth, Emily, Gertrude, and Fanny Bruce.

MR. GRA. Dead?

MICK. Dead? Yes, dead drunk wid joy for their great escape. (BELL rings—MICK dancing) Oh, there they are, wid their ten toes ready to dance the circular jig till they haven't a breath in their bodies.

MR. GRA. My impatience to learn that my daughter is safe seems to banish the acute pain I felt. I will this instant learn what the blundering fellow has been talking about.

*Exit L.*



KIT. (*following*) Stay, Sir—let me assist you.

MICK. (*detains her*) Whisht! he's all right,—it will do his ould gouty toe a dale of good. Did you hear the ingratitude of him? Afther telling him they were burnt to death and then come to life again, divil the morsel of thankfulness did he express, but calls me a blundering big black-guard for my pains. Och hone, the vartue of some people!

KIT. But what has happened?

MICK. Sure by this time they are in the hall, and you'd better ran and ax them. I'm going to Mrs. Prim, and see if she hasn't a mighty big shin bone or two she can give me to pick, for starvation's to the fore. Oh, Miss Kitty Ray, if it wasn't for my black-eyed beauty in Knock-me-down-aisy, who I promised one day to put a shoe on her fut—if it wasn't for her, Miss Kitty Machree, I'd lay my Californian gould at your feet, marry you, and make a man of you!

*Exeunt I.*

SCENE VIII.—*Apartment in an Hotel at Boston.*

*Enter PHILLIP R.*

PHIL. I have pressed them both to my heart, and to one—to Gertrude—I have despatched a letter, telling her she is my child. Mine!—my noble girl, who, surrounded by temptations, trials, sneers and slanders, stands out in the world's picture, unstained, unspotted—and yet blighted, if the idol of her heart should be indeed unworthy of her. This will I know from his own lips; for in bringing her into society as my beloved child, there must be no internal fire of regret, no heart-burning, to mar the rose's tint upon her cheek. If he is unworthy of her, she shall be taught to cast him off.

*Enter WILLIE, L.*

WIL. Excuse me, Mr. Phillips—my visit, I fear, is an intrusion.

PHIL. Name it not so, Sir. It is a long time since we met. I have not yet forgotten the debt I owe you for your timely interference between me and the robber Ali, that Arab traitor, and his rascally troupe of Redouin rogues.

WIL. You are making my visit here the reverse of what it is intended to be. I did not come here to receive thanks, but to render them to you.

PHIL. For what, Sir?—you owe me nothing.

WIL. The friends of Isabel Clinton owe you a vast debt of gratitude it will be impossible for them ever to repay.

PHIL. You are mistaken, Sir.

WIL. Did you not save her life?

PHIL. Yes, but nothing was further from my intention.

WIL. It could have been no accident, I think, which led you to risk your own life to rescue that of a fellow passenger.

PHIL. It was no accident indeed which rescued Miss Clinton from destruction, I am convinced of that. But you must not thank me; it is due to another than myself that she does not now sleep in death.

WIL. May I ask to whom you refer? Your words are mysterious.

PHIL. I refer to a dear and noble girl, whom I swam to that burning ship to save. Her veil had been agreed upon as a signal between us—that veil, carefully thrown over the head of Miss Clinton, whom I found clinging to the spot assigned to my—to her whom I was seeking, deceived me, and I bore in safety to the shore the burden I had ignorantly seized from the gaping waters, leaving my own darling who had offered her life as a sacrifice——

WIL. Oh! not to die?

PHIL. No—to be saved by a miracle. Go, thank her for Miss Clinton.

WIL. I thank heaven that the horrors of such scenes are half reduced by heroism like that. Who is she—where is she?

PHIL. Ask me not—I cannot now tell you, even if I would.

WIL. Mr. Clinton bade me tell you, in saving his daughter's life, the only one of seven, you have prolonged his—and prays to heaven for its choicest gifts upon you and those the dearest next your heart.

PHIL. So much for Mr. Clinton. Have you nothing to say for your own sake?

WIL. Certainly,—as one of a large circle of acquaintance Miss Clinton honours with her regard, I feel unbounded admiration for your conduct in that trying scene.

PHIL. You speak very coolly, Mr. Sullivan. Are you

aware the prevailing report gives you credit for feeling more than an ordinary interest in Miss Clinton?

WIL. (*amazed*) Sir, I either misunderstood you, or the prevailing belief is a most mistaken one.

PHIL. Then you never before heard of your own engagement?

WIL. Never, I assure you.

PHIL. Nevertheless, Miss Clinton regards you favourably; and you, a young and handsome fellow, cannot be insensible to her beauty and her wealth.

WIL. I am not insensible to the advantages of wealth, or blind to the claims of grace and beauty; but these were not the things I left my home for, and it is not to claim them I have now returned.

PHIL. Indeed! what then?

WIL. A Home again. A few months since there were others alive beside that dear one whose image now entirely fills my heart, that I had hoped to meet again; but that bliss is denied me. Excuse this emotion, Sir.

PHIL. Go on, on. Speak to me as an old friend—I am deeply interested in what you say.

WIL. I speak, Sir, of my mother and grandfather—for these two, and one other I shall speak of presently, I was content to go away, to strive—to suffer—to be patient. The opportunity came, and I embraced it. It is true they both are gone, and I could wish to follow them, but for one whose love will bind me to the earth as long as she is spared.

PHIL. And she is——

WIL. A young girl without family, wealth, or beauty,—but with a spirit so elevated, a heart so noble, as to make her rich—a soul so pure as to make her noble. There lived in the same house with my mother, an old man, a city lamplighter, who, in his nightly duties, found a ragged child whom a brutal woman, on a snowy night, had turned into the streets. He took the little Birdie, as he called her, home—he cherished, loved her, and Sir, so did I. The old man died,—’twas my task to soothe her sorrows; and when I went away, I left my mother and grandfather to her care. She forbore all pleasures, all gaities, and tended them until they died. She was more than a sister before—now she is bound to me by ties that are not of earth or time.

PHIL. You have mixed in excellent society since you saw her—society that, from your present position, looks for a

more elevated marriage. This poor unfortunate orphan with whom you propose to share your fate—this little patient schoolmistress—

WIL. Who told you she had been a schoolmistress?

PHIL. Well, I have seen her, in the company of an old doctor—

WIL. With Doctor Jeremy?

PHIL. The same.

WIL. When—where?

PHIL. A few days since,—did not you see her?

WIL. No, no.

PHIL. Not when you were walking the deck of the steamer with Miss Clinton?

WIL. Great heaven, no—on my soul, no!

PHIL. Go to Mr. Graham's country house and tell her that. Go and thank *her* for saving your master's daughter—for she it was, at the risk of her own life, did so! Go—go, before her heart shall break! Tell her she is more than a sister to you,—tell her that, despising the gewgaw wealth, you return unscathed to claim her as your wife,—tell her that, and the blessing of her only surviving parent be upon you!

WIL. I will with the lightning's speed!

PHIL. You shall, (*grasping his hand as he crosses to L.*) you shall! Come, come—I'll see it done!

*Exeunt L.*

SCENE IX.—*Drawing Room, as before, in Mr. Graham's House.*

EMILY seated in an arm-chair R., MR. GRAHAM by her side—GERTRUDE stands L., reading a letter—MICK.

GER. This, then, accounts for all. The words that have been ringing in my ears since that hour of peril—"My child, my own darling!" said he—they went to my very heart like the voice of a dear, a long-lost father. And he is my father—and he fears I shall not love him. (*reads*) "I fear, I tremble to think how my child will recoil from her father, when she learns the secret so long preserved, so sorrowfully revealed, that he is Phillip Amory!" Recoil?



Oh, my father—if indeed such bliss is mine that you are my father—let me not lose a moment in dispelling the doubt from your noble mind! I will entreat him to come to me instantly, that while he presses me to his heart I may breathe the assurance of a daughter's love!

*Erit L.*

MICK. What a virtuous angel I am to be sure! I am bringing good news to everybody—so I am. What the postage will amount to before I get to the tail of the car, I am at a loss to guess.

MR. GRA. So, then, it seems you are quite a hero, Michael?

MICK. Oh, bedad, I am—the Duke of Wellington's exploits in the Peninsular were a fool to my achievements—so they were.

EMILY. Ay, indeed a hero!—but for him poor Gertrude would have been now no more. Is she there, father?

MICK. I brought her a letter from a gentleman, and it brought the colour to her cheek, and made her eyes sparkle like a black cat's at midnight. I suppose it's a proposal.

MR. GRA. Stuff! what should you know about proposals?

MICK. What is it you're asking? Oh dear! when I have been proposed to by black laundress, a fat store-keeper, a widow, and a fish woman! But I am a cornucopia of chastity and beauty till my bosom friend comes from Knock-me-down-softly. (*aside to EMILY*) He's coming!

EMILY. (*starts*)

MR. GRA. What ails you, Emily? You must endeavour to forget the fearful scene through which you have passed.

EMILY. Forget, dear father! Impossible, with the tones of his voice ringing in my ears!

MR. GRA. Good heaven! whose?

MICK. (*aside*) He's coming! (*aloud*) He's come.

PHILLIP *enters*—EMILY *starts up, and is passed rapidly across into his arms by MICK*—MR. GRAHAM *comes forward, and MICK embraces the air in imitation as he goes off.*

—Oh, thin she's got the rale mulligar hug at last!

*Erit L.*

MR. GRA. Phillip Amory! great heaven! (*staggers to a chair*) Returned as from the grave to avenge the wrong I did him!

PHIL. Wrong! Ay! blighted his life, crushed his youth, half broke his heart, and wholly blasted his reputation!

MR. GRA. No no, I did not that.

PHIL. Not! did you not accuse me of forgery?

MR. GRA. Ay, to your face I did; but I discovered my error before I doomed you to infamy in the eyes of your fellow men.

PHIL. Ah! then you acknowledge you were in error?

MR. GRA. I do, I do—I imputed to you the deed which proved to be accomplished by my own confidential clerk. I learned the truth almost immediately, but, alas! too late to recall you. Then came the news of your death, and I felt the injury I had done was irreparable. But it was not strange, Phillip, you must allow that—Archer had been in my employment more than twenty years,—I had a right to believe him trustworthy.

EMILY. Dear, dear Phillip! why absent yourself so long?

PHIL. Because I had been taught to believe you regarded me with such abhorrence, it would be dangerous to your life did I approach you.

EMILY. Oh, calumny most foul!

PHIL. I have ascertained that from one I met and pressed unto my heart, and felt her kiss of love upon my lips, and heard her call me father!

MR. GRA. }  
and }

And who is that?

EMILY. }

PHIL. Gertrude—she is my own adored daughter!

EMILY. Merciful providence! she—my faithful friend!

PHIL. *My* daughter, Emily. That knowledge if possible I know, will add to the already ardent love you feel for her.

MR. GRA. Phillip, explain; and, in the recapitulation of your griefs, dwell, if only for a second, on the possibility of forgiving him—the cause of all your sorrow.

EMILY. He will, he will, dear father—won't you, Phillip?

PHIL. Oh, Emily? where are the eyes that are only needed to give an angel's expression to that face with which you plead? Listen. In a state bordering on madness, that fatal night when my unsteady hand deprived you of the light of heaven, I went on ship board, reckless of what be-

came of me. Captain Grey was bound for Rio de Janiero, and during the voyage did all he could to dispel the horrid and maddening recollection of the fearful accident to Emily by me committed. On arriving there he died, and his only child, an amiable girl, was thrown on my protection, and more out of pity than of love, she became my wife—the witness of our marriage was an old man of the name of Grant. When my child was two months old, I left my wife on a business journey. I was overtaken by the fell malady that swept away thousands. Recovered, I sought my home, but all were gone—then came my wanderings through the world. I became familiar with the city and the wilderness, the civilized man and the savage—became one of the first discoverers of the Californian Golconda; and, with the results of my first labours, became possessor of a tract of land so auriferous, that I have mines of wealth for you yet, dear Emily.

EMILY. Dear Phillip, to hear your voice, to know that I am loved by you still, is wealth enough to me!

PHIL. A ragged wretch requested charity and had it, and repaid me by robbery. As Michael shook the plunder from him, a ring that my mother's attracted my attention, and I learnt his name was Grant—son to him who had witnessed our marriage; and, on mentioning my child was alive in the care of an old lamplighter at Boston, my emotions so mastered me, I sunk senseless on the ground. Michael, on my recovery, finished the wretch's narrative, for the diggers had lynched him. He told me, all regarding the lamplighter, Trueman Flint, taking care of the child. He told me that its mother who had journeyed to Boston in search of me, died with old Nan Grant, and, what came like a thunderbolt upon me, that my child was the adopted one of sweet Emily Graham, the blind girl.

EMILY. Oh, joy! oh, transport! I am doubly repaid for grief, eyes, and all! Where, where is she—*our* child, Phillip—that I may press her to my heart?

PHIL. She has gone to the Cemetery of the Three Groves, close by. She will there encounter one she deems false to her;—she does not know she will do that—but I thought the grave of good old Uncle True would be the best trysting place I could select.

EMILY. I know—I understand—and he is not false to her.

PHIL. He is not. But come, you shall hear it from his own lips—we will join them.

MR. GRA. And so will I—no place more fitting for the erring man to purify himself than the resting place of the dead. Phillip, say but you forgive me!

PHIL. I do! I do!

EMILY. Oh, bless you, Phillip, bless you for that word! Dear, dear father, blind though I am to you, I see an angel of mercy moving her radiant wings above our heads, and she will accompany us to the grave of Uncle True! Yes, yes! she flies before and beckons us—we come! we come!

MUSIC.—*Exeunt L., EMILY with her head raised, as if looking upwards, and holding a hand of each.*

SCENE X.—*An Exceedingly Picturesque Cemetery.—A Rock overhung with ivy and flowering shrubs, R.U.E., down which a path descends into the hollow of the Cemetery—Three graves close together, C., surrounded by light railings, with ivy and roses clinging to them here and there—A Small Chapel in the Gothic Style, of pure white, overshadowed by a gigantic elm, L.U.E.—Through the trees at back the various tombs are seen far away in the distance.*

MUSIC.—*GERTRUDE, with a basket of flowers and wreaths descends the rock.*

GER. Ah, Uncle True! could you but rise from your earthen bed and know the happiness of your own Gerty! But you will know it, good old man, for I feel as though your spirit was ever by my side, smiling benignantly on your own little birdie. (*planting flowers and hanging garlands*) Ah! that smile would not last long, dear Uncle True, when you learnt the neglect of Willie! You, even in your grave, still think of me—

WILLIE *appears.*

—but he does not. Uncle True, you and I are not parted—Willie is not one of us!



WIL. (*at her side*) Gertrude, what has Willie done that he is not one of you?

GER. (*aside*) He here? Great heaven! (*buries her face in her hands*)

WIL. (*trying to remove her hands*) Tell me, Gerty, in pity tell me why I am excluded from your sympathy.

GER. Oh, leave me—leave me!

WIL. Leave you now, on this, for many years our first meeting?—leave you? What have I done, that you have shut me so much out from your affection as to bid me leave you? Why do you look so coldly on me, and shrink thus from my sight?

GER. I am not cold—I do not wish to be; but——

WIL. I see, I see—you have wholly ceased to love me. I trembled, when I first beheld you, lest some fortunate rival had stepped in and taken your heart from its boyish keeper. Well, well—at least you will not refuse me a brother's claim to your affection?

GER. I will not—I will not refuse it. I will be your sister still.

WIL. Sister? I am right then. You feared I should ask too much, and turned away. Be it so. Perhaps your prudence was for the best; but oh, Gertrude, it has left me broken-hearted!

GER. (*amazed*) Willie, do you know how strangely you are talking?

WIL. Strange? Is it so strange that I should love you? Have I not for years cherished the remembrance of our past affection, and looked forward to our reunion as my only hope of happiness? Has not this fond expectation inspired my labours, cheered my toils, and endeared me to life in spite of the bereavement? And can you, in the sight of these cold mounds, under which lie buried all else that I held dear on earth, crush and destroy this all-engrossing——

GER. Willie, is it honourable for you to address me thus? Have you forgotten——

WIL. No, I have not forgotten. I have not forgotten that I have no right to distress and annoy you, and I will not; but oh Gerty—my sister Gerty, since all hope of a nearer tie is at an end—blame me not if I cannot at present play a brother's part. I cannot stay in the neighbourhood and witness another's happiness.

GER. What madness is this? I am bound by no such tie as you describe; but what shall I think of your treachery to Isabel?

WIL. To Isabel? And has that silly rumour reached you too?—and did you put faith in the falsehood?

PHILLIP, EMILY, and MR. GRAHAM appear.

GER. Falsehood?

PHIL. (*descending*) Ay, falsehood all! (*she springs to him*) He loves you before all the world, my daughter. He did not know you were on board the steamer; and his attentions to Miss Clinton were exhortations that the flirt should oftener attend to the sick-bed of her father.

GER. Oh father, this from you? Then Willie is free?

WIL. Ay, Gertrude, free, and only yours! (*embrace*)

MICK, with an outrageous black crape hatband sweeping the ground, enters, followed by DR. JEREMY.

MICK. Oh, there they are, still at it. More glory to you—never stop, but keep hugging and hugging till all the breath is out of your bodies. Heaven be praised, I'll be afther having a squeeze soon myself! Arrah, Willie, there you are! Long life to you, and your moostarchers, though they do give you an oriental tinge. But do you remember the day when we went slipping over Miss Pace?

WIL. Oh, well indeed.

DR. J. And I am sure I do.

MICK. Well, poor Patty has halted in her pace at last,—she's stuck fast intirely.

GER. Ill, poor creature? I will hasten to her, and with the warm greetings of friendship restore her.

MICK. Well, you can't do that, however warm your greetings might be—she's as cowl'd as a turnip.

WIL. Dead?

MICK. As a herrin', and Dr. Jeremy is her executioner.

DR. J. Executor, Michael.

MICK. Ah well, it's all one and the same thing. She's left you, Willie, all her ould tables and chairs, her wig and her pattens.

WIL. To me?—she has relations.

MICK. Well, they don't have a rap.

WIL. Indeed they shall, if I have aught to do with it.

PHIL. Right, my son—we have enough for all.

MICK. Well, here's what the ould girl says, (*reads*) "To that conforming and very pleasant boy"—(*aloud*) That was before you had the moostarches. (*reads*) "wid nature's paint upon his cheeks, for the service he rendered me one frosty day, previnting me making an indacent show of myself, and finding that his heart is in the right place," (*aloud*) Well, I always thought there was but one place for the heart, whether 'twas right or wrong. (*reads*) "I will and bequeath all I possess in the world.—PATTY PACE. N.B." (*aloud*) What the devil's that N.B.? Oh, I see—she's dead, so N.B. stands for no-body. (*reads*) "N.B. Don't forget to look in the ould black stocking under the door mat."

DR. J. She died as she lived, poor Patty! eccentric to the last!

MICK. She did that same, for just before the breath went out of her body, she made me run to the haberdeshier's and buy this hat band, and made me put it on to see the effect. (*turning round*) It has a nice sweep, hasn't it?

PHIL. Well, my faithful Michael, ere long favours of another colour shall adorn your person.

MICK. I see—a splice! Oh, how green I am, Mr. Amory. There'll be two—and bedad! if you'll only wait till the little girl comes whose feet I am going to shoe, there shall be three two's.

PHIL. Well, be it so. Gertrude, my child, your hand—Emily, yours;—William Sullivan, take Gertrude's other—Mr. Graham, your daughter Emily's—thus we stand a living chain.

MICK. Arrah! thin try and squeeze me in for a link!

MR. GRA. (*extending his hand*) A faithful one!

DR. J. Well, what have I done?—why do you leave out? As there is no knowing what may happen before the year's end, you had better make a friend of the doctor.

WIL. Not so, Doctor—we admit you as the wholesome bitter in our well-rivettèd circle. (*extending his hand*)

PHIL. True, a charmed circle, never but with death to be sundered,—a circle which, in diffusing happiness to itself

and others, must not forget the memory of Uncle True the Lamplighter——

EMILY. The Blind Girl——

GER. And little Gerty.

MUSIC.—*They kneel ; the back of Scene opens, and a flying figure with extended wings appears, surrounded with a blaze of light, as if blessing the party.*

*Tableau and Curtain.*





